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PRICE TWO RUPEES.

SAUNDERS'
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No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1852. [Vol. I.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The verses entitled "Diamonds," are declined with thanks.

Tippoo Khan Junior is thanked for the offer of his MSS., which shall receive our early attention.

"Simpkins and his Friends" has already appeared in another Periodical.

We hope to publish in our next number the "Remarks on our Cape Policy," and also the paper on "Oudh and its Affairs."

The articles on "Vedantism" and "The Rohilla Afghans," are under consideration.

We shall be happy to receive the following numbers of "My Uncle Ben's Courtship."

The paper on the "Wants and Prospects of the Uncovenanted Service" is quite unsuited to the pages of a Literary Miscellany.

N. B.—Rejected Manuscripts will not be returned, except at the particular request of the writers.

NOTE TO PAGE 178—WOMEN OF CHAUCER—No. III.

As reference has been made to a modernized paraphrase of the Decameron version of 'Grizelda,' it is proper that I should tell you what a very careful and anxious admirer of Chaucer has stated in respect of this Tale. Petrarch was Chaucer's avowed original, but I believe it is decided that both Petrarch and Boccaccio were themselves renderers and paraphrasers, *not* originators. Chaucer, after his Envoyship to Genoa, made a tour through the north of Italy in A. D. 1373,[*] and there met *Petrarch*, the latter writing to *Boccaccio* on 8th June A D. 1373, says *inter alia*—" Your work of the Decamerone fell for the first time into my hands, in an excursion I made to Arqua a few weeks ago." Again—" The narrative with which your work concludes, (Tale of Grisildis) particularly struck me. I yielded to the propensity which impelled me to translate it into *Latin* with such variations as my fancy suggested, and I now send you the translation." Petrarch had been affected deeply by hearing the story many years before, and congratulated Boccaccio upon his translation of it into *Italian*. Petrarch at the time of his interview with Chaucer was upwards of seventy years of age, and Godwin goes on thus

" Petrarch was interesting to Chaucer because Chaucer saw in him as it were the lineal descendant of the Ciceros, the Virgils, and the Ovids of Italy in the days of its classical greatness. Chaucer was interesting to Petrarch for a different reason. He came from the " *Ultima Thule*," the " *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*." —Petrarch had just finished *his* Grisildis. He had put it into the hands of one of his friends, a Citizen of Padua. His friend attempted to read it aloud, but he had no sooner got into the incident of the tale than he found himself obliged to desist; his voice was choaked with tears. Petrarch read this tale to Chaucer, Chaucer was entranced. The magic of a tale perhaps the most pathetic that human fancy ever conceived heard under the sacred roof of him in whom the genius of modern poetry seemed to be concentred " * * * " Having heard the tale, Chaucer requested of Petrarch permission to take a copy of it. So much is implied when he makes the Clerk of Oxenford say that he

" Lern'd it at Padowe of a Worthy Clerk
Fraunceis Petrark."

" If Chaucer learned the History of Grisildis from Petrarch at Padua, (and it would imply an idle and wanton imputation upon the veracity of Chaucer to doubt it) it then follows, though Boccaccio began his Decamerone shortly after the plague in 1348, A D. that the work was not yet sufficiently familiar to the most enlightened and studious part of the English public in 1373, A. D. for Chaucer to be aware of the contents of the admirable story it contains."

" Chaucer was early conversant with the writings of Boccaccio, but the unrivalled fame of Petrarch threw for some time a sort of obscurity upon the more natural and unpretending effusions of his Florentine contemporary."

This is all, or nearly all, that Godwin says upon this subject, in his life of Chaucer.



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RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I.,

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XIII.

I GOT to Oxford to find that I was rusticated, and with a numbed feeling which seemed as if it never would wake again, I arranged my affairs, and left for my now hateful home.

The state of my mother's health prevented Warren from communicating the intelligence to her. To me he would not speak. I cannot say how I passed the month that succeeded. I have no recollection of it whatever. No one was by to share my sorrows. Miss Eversfield had not returned from London, where she was staying with the Right Honorable Richard Tufto, and her cousin, his wife. My poor mother lay on her sofa, and spoke to no one save on the most common-place subjects; the young ladies at the parsonage forbore to address me: in short I was a complete outcast. It is true that Abud the Lawyer, meeting me in the street, did once and for all, attempt to take me by the button with an address which began—"Sir, under the peculiar circumstances........" but I interrupted him with so fierce an oath, that he was fain to beat a quick retreat. Fortunately perhaps for me, Dashwood had escaped rustication, whether from the fidelity of a well-feed scout, or whether from its being known that his father had the disposal of several livings. Consequently he remained at Oxford, and I was for the present spared the temptation of his good humour and spirits, his liberal expenditure, and his *air noble.*

One day, grown desperate, I resolved to bring my persecutors (so I was beginning to look upon

every one) to a distinct understanding. With this purpose I called upon my guardian. As the old footman, with what I look for a reproachful look, shut the door of the rectory drawing-room, and went to call his master, I felt my courage ooze away: but the sound of footsteps re-assured me, and I determined to put a bold face on a bad business. The Rector entered.

"Well, Charles." The Rector paused.

"Well, Charles," (with a kindness that surprised and pained the pride in which I was entrenched,) "I am glad to see you have got the better of your evil feelings."

"Sir," I answered with all due gravity; "I am not here to speak of my feelings; they have been neither consulted, nor, I believe, understood."

"Nay, Charles, but they have, and the moment you are prepared to converse coolly on the subject, you shall be convinced on this point. What are your wishes?"

"My wishes," I replied, in the spirit of a child who, feeling that it has been deservedly punished, refuses to eat its dry bread; "my wishes are simply to leave England as soon as possible, and for ever."

"Don't be in a hurry; remember our past consultations; remember, I beseech you, the trouble and expense that has been laid out on your education, the hopes and prayers of that poor saint who is out of the reach of these sorrows now. Faith," said the parson in his hearty way; "I could almost hope that she might remain in her present state."

I was affected to a greater degree than I cared to shew. Dr. Warren proceeded:—

"Take my advice, dear Charley; your principles are good; your talents will win you any reasonable success. Try it once more; go back to Oxford for the next term, and, if you find it still so disagreeable, why we'll see what can be done."

"Disagreeable," I said, "it must ever be. The experience I have had of the University, has undeceived me bitterly: all I want is a Cadetship in the East India Company's Service. Do not oppose me. These appointments are not very difficult to get; assist me in this, and I shall have an increase to a load of obligation, dear Dr. Warren, which is even now too much for me."

"You are mistaken, my boy, mistaken in every point. The Cadetships are not by any means easy to get; in fact I have no idea that we could ever hope to succeed in such an attempt. Go back to Oxford. N. will watch over you."

"N—," cried I, indignantly; "you are mistaken, sir, in that gentleman. He thinks of nothing but himself, and his own enjoyments. He would not spend five minutes on me, if I wanted it ever so much, as he was starting for his walk up Headington hill."

"Nor ought you to expect it at such a moment," answered the Rector, with a smile which set every thing to rights; "it is the only exercise my good friend ever takes; and without it he would lose his health."

"Or his appetite for Hall. Well, sir, it shall be as you wish; I will go back. Do you on your part remember that you are pledg-

ed to do what you can to get the Cadetship."

Next term, therefore, I returned to Oxford, but it was with very much freer and happier feelings; no attention was ever shewn me again by the "Dons," with the exception at least of poor N., whose health was beginning to fail under the regularity of his mismanagement. I continued, or rather improved, my attendance at Lectures and Chapels, and put such force upon my impulses, that no serious collision again occurred between myself and authority. But my mind was made up, and viewing my position from one side, I felt convinced that India was my only field, and arms the profession for which "a disappointed man" was best adapted.

Meantime Mr. N. got worse and worse. One morning I found him confined to his chair. He was dangerously ill.

"I am a victim," said he, "if I die, (though for that matter I don't think I am so near it, as some people might like;) you see I had had a little attack of my old complaint, and sent for old Q.—crabbed old fellow, does not know the difference between tripe and calf's foot jelly (rather prefers the former I think). 'Got it sharpish this time,' says he; 'I don't want to know that,' was my answer. 'There now,' says he; 'how can you expect to get well with that temper. I'll tell you what it is N.; you eat and drink twice as much as any man ought to. Ever read Horace?' 'Yes,' says I, rather surprised; '*Crescit indulgens sibi*, eh? How many bottles to-day?' In short all I could get out of him was to live entirely upon slops, and not touch wine or spirits. Well, sir, I was sitting up here in my arm-chair, listening to the chapel bell, and wondering at the men going through the dark raw evening, when up comes the smell of roast goose. I could not stand it. 'Thomas,' said I, 'let me have a goose for supper.' Thomas started, having heard the Doctor's order. However I had my goose and a bottle of old port out of my own cellar, and I don't believe it did me the least harm whatever. I was dropping into a nice doze, when the man overhead, (whom I've had rusticated) began to play the flageolet. I never could bear flageolets, and now it gave me such a pain in the head and stomach that I could have sworn the last day was at hand. In short, sir, I have never been out of bed since."

A few days afterwards I called; Thomas looked blank. "How's your master?" said I.

"Some one sent him a brace of partridges yesterday, which he ordered to be roasted to-day at five for his dinner. Woke in the night; called to me: 'Thomas,' says he. 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'What o'clock?' says he. 'Five, sir,' says I. Five in the morning I meant, for I saw a light in the shoe-black's room. 'Then let me have my partridges. So, say and do what I would, he had his partridges; since when, delirious, as a matter of course."

I sate by the old man's bedside. The last words he breathed, as well as we could catch them, were these:—

"I should like to live," said he, "till the asparagus comes in."

The term wore slowly on. I was beginning to fancy myself in error about college, or at any rate about my chance of getting

any other opening, when I received a letter from Dr. Warren, in which he informed me that he was led by the uniformly discouraging letters of my Tutor and of myself to communicate a piece of news. Miss Eversfield, always anxious to do a kind action, had applied to her cousin's husband, Mr. Tufto, and that gentleman had at once put in motion his unbounded interest to get me a Cadetship. Of course with success. Part of this I understood immediately. Edith had no nearer relation than Mrs. Tufto; that family were poor and ambitious; if Miss Eversfield died unmarried, they would inherit her enormous property, and every aspirant, however humble, to her favour was of course an object to be removed. But with the new confidence that told me this, came the bitter antidote which the part she had taken in the matter forced upon my notice. My expatriation, much as I had wished for it, should not have been owing to her. My plans were at once formed. I would take my name off the University Books, return to Stagnum, and seek an eclaircissement with Edith; if that proved unfavorable, I would see England no more.

It was under these influences that I wrote, one dreary dark, November morning, the following:—

FAREWELL.

Fled is the Summer, silent bird and bee,
And harsh the wind in every shivering tree.
Fast fade the woods, hoarse flows the swollen stream,
All nature mourns beneath yon watery beam;
And who shall wonder, if the lonely heart,
With nature's desolation bears its part,
Owns its core a sad and sickening fear,
And sinks, despondent, with the sinking year?
Else, whence this vague involuntary gloom,
This shadow of the hills beyond the tomb,
That casts a sombre hue on every thought,
And makes the Future seem a thing of nought?

Once more I leave the place where I was born,
And so departing, can I choose but mourn?
Haply some coming day, with cloudless skies,
May gild, to Fancy's Eye, my destinies:
Still, while I bless the casual relief,
I feel the truest sentiment is Grief.

Perchance no more in this my native land,
Shall I behold the Summer smiling bland;
Or feel, by wooded height or shadowy dell
The sweet enchantments that I love so well:

How oft beneath the glowing Indian sky,
When this weak frame shall all exhausted lie,
Will memory paint the streams and upland fields,
And the brave breezes that my country yields.

So be it; but the soul is of no time,
Son of no soil, and denizen of no clime;
What! though it sometimes own its partner's claim,
And sympathize with all the sensuous frame;
True to itself, and fortified by lore,
It scorns control, and wears the chain no more;
Burns for new labours, in what field so e'er,
Till all the Future glitters, dim, though fair.

But hard his lot, whose weak, untutored mind,
Sensitive, but untaught, impure, though kind,
Clings to the frail companion of life's day,
In cold communion with the outer clay;
His Past, a vague, impenitential gloom,
His Future, but a sense of wrath to come;
While the pale Present, gliding fast away,
Accelerates his sad, descending day.

To retrospection, now, how sad appears
The dream of lost, but not forgotten, years;
Years when life's paths were open and secure,
Till frequent failure made them few, and fewer;
Kind hearts estranged, esteem slain wantonly,
Make up the dreary tale of Memory.

And shall they yet again, in judgment rise,
Those years that sit with glaring, tearless eyes?
Shall failing time still swell the grisly train,
Till they o'erthrow me, ne'er to rise again?
Almighty Father, no! to Thee I cry,
Who seest my heart with undeceived eye.
Thus runs Thy word (be wise in time, who can)
" My spirit shall not always strive with Man."

England, my mother, mistress of the sea!
My last sad strain I consecrate to thee;
Brave be thy sons, thy daughters chaste as fair
Fruitful thy quarters, and may God be there;
True be thy rulers; and, till time shall end,
No foes molest thee, and no discords rend!

CHAPTER XIV.

Accordingly I returned to Stagnum. That little community was in a complete uproar. The Railway was to come as far as Lymstone Regis, and it was thought that a little exertion on the part of the inhabitants would procure its extension to them. Industrial results, sources of traffic never dreamed of before, were suddenly adduced, and Abud made speeches from morning till night. The old-fashioned party, headed by Dr. Warren and Thomson the Medical man, thinking more of the present comfort and repose of the neighbourhood than of any speculative advantages that the future might bring forth, were staunch in opposition. Nor were the ladies and the circle that moved round them, without their own peculiar source of excitement. There was a visitor at the village who had created some sensation amongst the natives: imagine my disgust, when it proved to be that heartless, uneducated cub, Cox Bloxam.

Edith had also returned; the prodigal hospitalities and charities of her ancestral castle were conducted with more discrimination when its gifted mistress was there. Little as I understood that almost perfect nature then, I was taught by love to read her love, her ardent, active love of mankind. I saw that her charities were neither the ostentatious injustice of profusion, nor the cold dolings of calculation, but the free results of enlightened and unwearied benevolence. With a jealousy that proceeded as much from the intellect as from the head, I beheld her unbounded catholicity. Dashwood was quite a favourite with her, and even Bloxam (brute as he was) had more of her attention than I.

Time wore on. It was New Year's Day, and a ship was to sail on the twentieth of January.

That evening the Dashwoods had a large dinner party, where Edith was handed to her seat by Lionel; Bloxam managed to get on the other side, and I, in great dudgeon, was forced to content myself with sitting opposite, which was a much better position, it is true, as far as looking at my idol was concerned, but I was determined to be in a pet. In the evening Lionel's presence produced a special relaxation of the usual grim severity of the Hall; a carpet-dance was permitted under an express stipulation that there should be no waltzing. At an early hour I danced a quadrille with Miss Eversfield, who talked with her usual heartful manner on general subjects, but utterly kept me away from the only thing I would have cared to speak of. To have spoken of that, indeed, I would have given up all my prospects in life, but I could not introduce it without obvious rudeness to her. As we proceeded with the dance, I ventured to ask her to let me carry her bouquet. She gave it me, and when the dance was over, took my arm, desiring me to lead her to a seat, and asking to have the flowers back again. I objected with all the eloquence I could summon to my assistance, but without success. So I gave up my prize, and wandered into the Conservatory, cold as it was, less painful to me than the room where

I was forced to see her smiling on coxcombs and roués. It was a crisp clear moonlight night, and I walked up and down in the chiaroscuro of the orange trees, till something like calmness came to my broken spirit. The sound of voices disturbed me. I knew the deep contralto tones of her I loved.

"That Camellia you cannot have Captain Bloxam, but I'll give you the heart's ease if you value it."

"Alas! there is no heart's ease in the society of Miss Eversfield."

"Dear, how complimentary," rejoined the young Lady. "Why, Mr. Freeman," they were by the door, and I was passing into the room, "why, how cross you look: see, here is the bouquet you asked for just now."

"Nay, madam," was my reply, "I do not covet a wreath whose fairest flowers have been given to others." Bloxam, with an insipid stare, walked into the room, and was soon completely occupied in twisting his moustache before a distant pier-glass.

"Edith!" I breathed, rather than spoke, "my heart is breaking. Since I first saw you, you have been my life; in leaving you thus, I seem to taste the bitterness of death."

Her eyelids were again downcast with the old peculiar look. This time a tear trembled on the long dark lashes.

She laid her left hand on my throbbing forehead. "My poor boy," said she, "this must have happened. It is final. See me no more. You shall know everything soon. Everything," she repeated mournfully, and left my gaze—for ever.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a scene of unparalleled excitement. All down the street of Portsmouth little bits of genuine domestic drama were going on; here a mother was parting from a son, there a father was half leading, half supporting a weeping daughter. Down to the Sallyport, call a boat. Look on the scene with stony eyes. What is it to me who separate, who weep. I have none to part from, none to weep for, or to weep for me. My mother had said "Good-bye!" with the utmost apathy, firmly convinced that I was returning to Oxford. Warren had made me spend the last evening in his happy domestic circle. But its charms were turned to spells, and only increased my pain and anger. I knew now what Home was, and the sight of their happiness but served more strongly to shew what I was leaving. The good Rector bade me God speed! in a voice and manner which I hope never to forget. There had been a coldness between us since my failure at Oxford, which lent a strange interest to the moment of parting; for it was done in a moment. Up to the very last, I had endeavoured to maintain the calm bearing of English society. At length my Post-chaise was announced. The clock struck twelve. My last day at home was ended. Old Mrs. Warren blessed me, the dear girls could not speak, Warren took my arm, and led me to the garden gate.

"Remember us all," said he, "you will never disgrace us I

know. And if," he pursued with a deeper tone, "you carry in your heart one bitter memory, oh! remember that it is a burthen that others have carried before you, and it has but increased their feeling of duty. Duty is the grandest word I can leave you with,—the last, the highest note I can strike upon your heart strings. God Almighty watch and guide you. Remember duty."

So I got into my boat alone, and was pulled out to Spithead, where our noble Indiaman lay, ready to weigh her anchor, and looking a mere yacht by the side of the "tall Amirals" by which she was surrounded. The first bustle of inspecting cabin and other preliminary arrangements was scarcely over, when the order was passed to clear the ship, and send off all who were not passengers. Then were renewed the sad parting scenes. I watched them coldly as before. I was alone in the world, with the ghost of my wasted youth. Edith had made no sign.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE voyage from Portsmouth to India in our days is not the adventurous affair that it may have been in the time of Sir Abraham Shipman, or Captain Lankester. It is not a subject to inspire much description, and, fortunately, it does not require it. One voyage of the kind closely resembles another. Those who have performed it, know to a fraction every thing that I went through; those who have not, can imagine the matter with the help of a very few *data*. It is a sort of perpetual present; hopes and fears are suspended; passions and money are locked up; a sort of animal being takes the place of what is, generally, called life. Breakfast comes at half-past eight; wine or grog at twelve; dinner (*the* event of the day) at half-past three; tea at seven; grog and card-playing in the evening; and lights out, willy-nilly, at half after ten. Five meals in twelve hours! Then we had the swell of the Bay of Biscay—which we passed in something very like a calm—the high, scarped cliffs of Cape Ortegal, Porto Santo, Madeira; and then the week upon week of boundless blue, the progress of the Sundays being only marked by the advance of the lessons that were read in the impromptu Church that was "rigged" once a week on the quarter-deck; the change of place being still less noticeably suggested by change of temperature and of weather. Nor did the characters of the passengers afford much amusement; they were such as were soon "travelled over," to use Goldsmith's expression. A democratic officer of Artillery; an Irish Captain of Foot, whose strong Orange principles constantly brought him into differences with

the democrat; two young Company's officers, returning from furlough, such as are not now so common as once they were,—men who came out to this country too young to have quite acquired the tone and character of English society, and yet whose scanty information was in some degree helped out by sound feeling and strong sense; dogmatic in expression, they were, yet deferential in judgment;—often pregnant with struggling meaning, always oppressed by the throes of utterance; a class of fellows who, when young, are neither very good nor very bad, and when old, swell the ranks of some Military Club in London, where they are to be seen with very red faces, and very white hair, got up in blue and brass, (like poor Strickland at the Haymarket,) and playing long whist for half-crown points.

Of the ladies, I have always found that the least said is the soonest mended; suffice it to observe that, luckily for us, there were none of the "*femelles de ces males*" on board, such as I was afterwards doomed to meet here and there in Indian society. At this time my feelings were in a state which, permitting of very little individual devotion to particular women, inspired a grave respect for the sex in general. The memories of the gentle girls at the Rectory, and still more of the pure and lofty Edith—mysterious, as much in her recent conduct certainly appeared—these all came upon me often and often, while musing at the gunwale beneath a tropical moon, while a consecrating influence stole over my thoughts of woman and of man.

The first land we saw after leaving Madeira was our destined port, Madras. A weary time at sea; and I find that towards the end of the voyage I recorded my *ennui* in some lines, of which the following is a—

FRAGMENT.

I am weary of the ocean,
  Emblem of eternity;
Boundlessness is too ideal,
  Time and Space suffice for me.

Life at sea is but the shadow
  Of the life we led on land;
And the silent glass of Chronos,
  Hardly seems to drop a sand.

Life at sea is life suspended
  In a present evermore;
All the past is dim behind us,
  All the future vague before.

'Tis an isthmus, leading on
  From continent to continent;
Where the Spirit, worn with waiting,
  Sometimes dreams it is content.

For I dream, cast out from action,
  Nothing more remains to do;
Looking at the sky and ocean,
  Gazing up from blue to blue.

Watching in the constellations,
Circles of the wheeling mast;
Nourishing a sickly fancy,
With the visions of the past.

On the thirteenth of August we were roused at six in the morning by the blessed intelligence that "land was in sight." I rushed on deck: there it lay,—a long, low, black line of shore, with another line of white; and then the sea, dark as pitch, for the moon was setting behind the mass of ruin, called the Seven Pagodas; and that line, which was the only white in the whole scene, was the sullen surf which day and night rests not from beating on that low and wooded coast.

Here then was the first act of my life brought to its close: there, before me, was the object of my childhood's wonder, the sphere of my manhood's occupation.

Hurrah! the Mount in sight, and the light-house, and the steeple of the Church in Fort St. George.

PHŒBE.

Pale lovely planet, when thy cold beams shed
Their silver radiance o'er the slumbering sea,
That calm and placid all around is spread,
With nought reflected on its face but thee,
As slowly rippling o'er its sandy bed,
It floweth on in tranquil majesty.

Or when in fullest splendour from the sky,
Thou lookest down upon the verdant hill,
Where erst the young Endymion wont to lie,
Stretched on the turf beside the trickling rill,
Nought gazing on thee, save the poet's eye,
In summer midnight, lovely, dark, and still.

Or in the autumn evening, when the rays
Of dying daylight gild the ruddy west,
When thy pale crescent in that golden blaze,
Seems like a fairy island of the blest,
And when the wearied hinds upon thee gaze,
And hail thee as the harbinger of rest.

Each is a scene of beauty, and 'tis thou
Givest its chiefest beauty to the scene,
Smiling on ocean's breast and mountain's brow,
Or pouring down soft floods of silver sheen
Upon the sighing elm tree's topmost bough,
That homage waves to thee, Night's gentle Queen.

A HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.

BY CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D.,

Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.—*London*, 1850.

Two volumes only are as yet published of Mr. Merivale's promised work, and they form an introduction to, rather than the history of, the Romans under the Empire. The writer has given us a graphic sketch of the last days of the Commonwealth, and has ably exposed those momentous and irresistible circumstances, which step by step converted the republic into a dictatorship for life, and finally placed the Empire of the world in the hands of one man. We have not much acquaintance through English writers with the occurrences which pre-shadowed this mighty change. They have either not cared, or from want of means have been unable, to depict the last throes of an expiring republic. Fortunately the labours of foreign scholars have been more successfully extended. Mr. Merivale has been chiefly indebted for the facts and references contained in his work to the writings of Michelet, Amedée Thierry, Duruy, Hoeck Abeken, and others. Dr. Arnold indeed gave to the public a brilliant description of the latter days of the Commonwealth, and the literary world looked forward with eager curiosity to the continuance of his general history of Rome, the early promise of which offered the surest guarantee for the interesting contents of future volumes. But that eminent person's untimely death left the field open to any candidate for historical fame and reputation. It is some satisfaction to know that the lamented Doctor's mantle has fallen upon a "friend and admirer," who has succeeded in contributing a valuable addition to our historic literature.

The task to which the author intends to devote his labour is that "of tracing the expansion of the Roman nation, together with the development of the ideas of unity and monarchy from the last days of the Republic to the era of Constantine. We commence with a period when the Senate still fondly imagined that the Government of the world was the destined privilege of one conquering race, that its life-source was enshrined in the curia of Romulus and Camillus. The point at which our review may appropriately terminate is the day when the civilized world received its laws and religion from the mouth of an autocrat, whose sole will transferred the seat of empire without a shock from the sacred circle of the seven hills to a village on the Bosphorus."

The two volumes which we have undertaken to examine may without impropriety be said to contain "The life and times of Julius Cæsar, from cotemporary history." From their perusal we have gained a wider knowledge of that great Captain and Statesman than we possessed before. Those of our readers who happen to read the book will probably admit that they too have learnt something new, and by a more intimate acquaintance with the wonderful and versatile genius of

one who was, emphatically speaking, the Man of his time.

The style is in parts clumsy, and generally savours of a relish for sesquipedalian and high-sounding words. The sentences flow not from the well of English undefiled. We did not expect to find the rich eloquence of Gibbon, or the sparkling vivacity of Macaulay, but at times the writer is forced by the great interest of his subject into the use of nervous and unaffected language, and occasionally into passages of considerable merit. There is perhaps some dash of pedantry and scholastic affectation in Mr. Merivale's careful observance of the Latin termination in the names of Pompei"us," Marc"us" Antoni"us," and Catalin"a"—"Pompeius Magnus" has more pretension than Pompey the Great, of whose life and cruel death, in the sight of his wife, we read in the days of our youth. To our view, Mark Antony sounds more agreeably than Marcus Antonius. The conduct of Cataline is well known to all; but the name of Catalina carries with it an uncomfortable mystery—and would seem to attach too much weight to the bold attempt of that daring communist. We care not to raise well known personages upon stilts, when there is no necessity for such an exaltation. We were half afraid that our good-natured, vain friend Cicero would be written down as Kikero, but Mr. Merivale has spared us that blow. However these are trifling faults, if indeed they deserve so harsh a name. But the real interest of the volumes will be found to exist in the various and exciting scenes, which they describe, at Rome, and abroad. Even those who shudder at the very idea of being asked to read history, cannot fail to derive enjoyment from the perusal of the greater portion of what the author has set before them. "The mind is in itself a place," and thus, seated in our arm chair, we can be easily and without fatigue transported to Rome. We can take a part in the grave consultations of that august body, the Senate, at this time so shamefully degraded. There were few men of ability; still fewer of integrity and principle within its ranks. Of the noble families, Catulus was the most honest, but his talents were mediocre. Lucullus, a man of great ability, and military skill, was too lazy and indolent for the affairs of public life. Crassus, amongst men of moderately-gifted intellect was a distinguished statesman, but he was singularly avaricious, and sordidly fond of money. Cato, great grandson of the Censor, though a plebeian, was possessed of very great influence in the Senate. He exhibited greater devotion to the cause of oligarchy than the Patricians themselves, and they esteemed him for his fidelity; but he was an obstinate pedant, and a wooden likeness of his great grandfather. Pompey, alternately courted and despised by the Senate, owed whatever interest he possessed with them, to his successful career as a general. They looked to him for protection from the Marian party now rapidly regaining its influence, which had been shaken by the proscriptions under Sulla. Cicero, also a new man, was an object of dislike to the nobles. They were afraid of his talents and his ardour for reform. Accordingly they opposed his advance to the higher honors of

the Republic, in which they exhibited short-sightedness; for after he had been appointed Consul, his desire for reform cooled down with incredible rapidity; whilst his respect for rank and the Senate increased with proportionate strength. Hortensius was another distinguished member of the Senate. He and Cicero were rivals in the Forum, and both attained the Consulship; the former was not more eminent in his profession than famous for his fish ponds, and affectation in dress and manner. This is the same Hortensius who wept for the death of a favorite pet "murœnam adeo dilexit ut exanimatam flesse creditur"—Martial has a passage on this insane love of fish, which has not escaped Mr. Merivale's notice.

"Natat ad Magistrum delicata murœna;
Nomenculator mugilem citat notum ·
Et adesse jussi prodeunt senes mulli."

We have suffered ourselves, during the perusal of Mr. Merivale's work to be actually in Rome, we will therefore visit the Courts of Justice, and listen to judges passing sentence. We arrive in time to hear a decision given in total opposition to the facts of the case. In our astonishment, we all but raise our voices with a cry of "proh pudor!" An obliging bystander relieves our feelings by the intelligence that such things are not new in Rome, and being an experienced person, points out the many ways by which favorable judgments can be obtained. We sigh for those honest days of the republic gone by for ever, when the avaricious Senate had not yet seized upon the "Judicia" for themselves; when the knights were allowed to sit as judges, and during a period of forty years not a shadow of suspicion had fallen upon their body. But we grieve to find that not even the return of the knights can restore purity to the Bench. Corruption reigns triumphant in every Court, over-ruling justice and equity. His must be the knightly mind of the olden time, and not the money-coveting spirit of the last days of the Republic, which would escape contamination.

Then again we are mixed up with the politics of the day, and, according as our views are liberal or conservative, inclined to free trade or protection in the distribution of official emoluments, we take the side of the people against the Senate, or the Senate against the people. We are Marians or followers of Sulla, as our fancy dictates. We unravel the intrigues of Cataline, witness his flight and the destruction of his followers, and listen to Cicero, the saviour of the city, praising himself before the Senate and in public.

"O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic,
Omnia dixisset."

But this he could not do! his talents were his destruction. "Ingenio manus est et cervix cæsa!" For excitement and amusement we turn into the streets, and behold the triumphal procession of a successful general, wending its slow and stately way through the principal thoroughfares, crowded with rejoicing multitudes. It is not without pity that we glance at the noble captives, lately taken prisoners on some well-contested and bloody field, fighting valiantly for their liberties and independence, now in bonds compelled to walk behind the chariot wheels of an exulting conqueror. We listen with feelings of pride to the

steady tramp of the hardy and invincible veterans, without whose aid victory perhaps would have been doubtful. We follow with admiring eyes the martial appearance and gay trappings of a long line of warriors, not Roman citizens, but levies from some subdued Province, whom the love of war or booty, and a chivalrous respect for the military skill of their leaders when an enemy, have converted into faithful followers. We hear the loud shouts and cheers of the fickle populace, ever shifting its opinion, to-day making Pompey a god, to-morrow raising their variable voices in praise of Cæsar.

"Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome ;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ;
And do you cull out a holiday ;
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?"

Such is the breath of popular opinion ! Let us move onward, and view the elections for City Magistrates. We visit the different polling places, and to our horror are compelled to become all but participators in scenes of riot and licentiousness, committed by hired ruffians or low mercenaries,—the body guard of some degenerate Patrician or popular agitator. All sense of, or respect for, order, is lost in that general corruption, which is rapidly destroying the noble republic of ancient days, and its free city, once the abode of honorable citizens, now infested by the vilest of Italian and foreign refugees, whose hands and daggers are ever ready to strike at the call of the highest bidder. Rome is no longer the capital of a country, but the metropolis of the then known world. She has conquered the nations of the earth, and has in turn been subdued by foreign vices, superstitions and manners. The Senate, distracted by party opposition, is unable to regulate affairs at home, still less can they hope to protect the interests of the republic abroad. Bad Government has alienated the Provinces ; they are ripe for revolt. The kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. We feel that the Commonwealth must fall ; nay, the whole fabric of Roman dominion must melt away, unless a strong hand can seize the reins of Government, restore order, and reconcile conflicting interests, by controlling all.

It is well said that God made the country, and man the towns ; we will therefore leave the confusion and turmoils which faction has excited within the city walls, and in search of the picturesque, wander in the country amongst the beau-

tiful gardens attached to the villas of Roman Senators, Knights, and wealthy citizens.

From the houses of Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Metellus, Crassus, and Pompey, we can look down with delighted eyes upon the "mighty City, mistress of the world, gleaming in the sun with its panoply of roofs, and flashing brightness into the blue vault above it." After several hours' pleasant "strolling" in this spirit-, moving scenery, we can, if so disposed, return to the busier world and the city's bustle; or, being fortunately acquainted with Cicero, we can look in upon him at his dinner hour. We shall find him more self-complacent than ever; re-called from banishment, welcomed to his much-loved Rome by an enthusiastic multitude, and again in possession of his charming home at Tusculum. We shall observe that he is wiser than of old, and less cautious of burning his fingers with politics during the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar. He has consoled himself for the loss of his daughter Tullia by a second marriage with a young and comely lady; for Cicero loves neatness in every thing about him. We may chance to come in upon that memorable day, (as great in its way, as that on which his "sacred Majesty Charles II. of happy memory took his disjune at Tillietudlem" with Lady Margaret Bellenden;) when, unexpected and self-invited, Cæsar himself honored the philosopher's retreat with a visit, and stayed to dinner. Cicero, pleased, but yet not quite assured of the great man's disposition towards himself, prepares a fragrant bath for his refreshment, and recites, during the operations of the toilet, a scurrilous epigram for his amusement. Then follows dinner, well-cooked and plentiful: this act of attention gratifies the dictator, who loves fatness, animal and human; to whom thin men are a stumbling block in his path, and a warning; for their thoughts are dangerous.

Cæsar.—Antonius—
Ant.—Cæsar!
Cæsar.—Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Ant.—Fear him not, Cæsar: he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæsar.—Would he were fatter.

The dinner passes off well. The dictator continues in high good humour, as indeed he ought to have done, for Cicero says of him that he eat and drank merrily. "edit et bibit ἀδεῶς et jucundè." We can imagine to ourselves the edifying conversation which ensued: how the host endeavoured to shine, and the guest not unamused, silently listened.

Next let us accompany some needy Pro-consul to his province. We shall behold the extortion and rapacity of which he is guilty, and the tyranny and grievous oppression under which the people suffer at the hands of the Publicani. So denuded and spoiled were the pro-

vinces, under the rule of officers whose sole object in accepting a Government was to amass a fortune, that the despotism of Julius Cæsar was the greatest blessing which could have befallen the Empire at large. A noble desirous of this appointment must first serve the offices of Quæstor, Ædile, Prætor, and Consul. These magistracies were only to be gained by party influence, bribery, and corruption. The first object was to join a party, and to aid them unflinchingly; the next to borrow money either from friends or usurers to defray election expenses. The Consulship once attained, Provincial Government followed as a matter of course. The new Governor proceeded to his Province, determined at any cost of honor, humanity, or bloodshed, to reimburse himself and friends for election expenses, and to collect a sum sufficiently ample to admit of his return to Rome, able to compete with his neighbours in luxury, and to flatter the people with public shews, or take a prominent part in state affairs. The efforts of Cæsar, Pompey, and Cicero were devoted to throw open these offices to new men of talents and ability. The latter exposed in the case of Verres the iniquity of Provincial Government, but the evil was not removed. New men and the oligarchy, both parties were equally tyrannical and oppressive, when the means of being so were in their grasp. When Cæsar had leisure, after being appointed dictator to attend to the great danger which threatened the Roman power, in the alienation of its provinces, he endeavoured to check the exaction and avarice of the different governors. It was however left to the Emperors to complete the system of control over fiscal arrangements abroad, and the rapacity of the Publicani, by whom the sources of revenue, the tolls, imposts, and titles were farmed. Mr. Merivale thus speaks of the Provincial Governments :—"The luxuriance of Roman oppression flourished but for a century and a half, but in that time it created perhaps the most extensive and searching misery the world has ever seen. The establishment of the imperial despotism placed in the main an effective control over these petty tyrants, and notwithstanding all the crimes by which it won its way, and the corruptions which were developed in its progress, it deserves to be regarded, at least in this important particular, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the human race.'

We can trace the rise of Cæsar to the height of power, step by step, as the champion of the popular party, the Marians. We view him persecuted by Sulla, ordered to put away his wife Cornelia, and firmly refusing to purchase personal safety by so dishonorable an act. At this time his party by severity and proscriptions had become thoroughly cowed. Hope was not even left to them; Cæsar had no powerful friends to protect him from the tyrant's anger; but he never wavered for an instant in his resolution. Far different was the conduct of Pompey in a similar difficulty; he at once divorced his wife Antistia at the bidding of the dictator; Cæsar's refusal cost him his wife's fortune and his own place in the priesthood. Sulla however spared his life, but did not fail to warn

the Senate what a dangerous man he would prove. He advised them to beware of "that young trifler," in whom more than one Marius would be found. Cæsar retired abroad, and did not return to Rome until the death of his enemy. Being still too young to fill public offices, he betook himself to Athens to study rhetoric and liberalism. On his return he prepared to contend for the various City Magistracies. Not an opportunity escaped him of attacking the Senate and their privileges; nor did he neglect any one means of upholding the popular cause. His distinguished abilities and happy relationship with Marius placed him in the front row of public men as the acknowledged leader of the Marian party. He won over Crassus to his interest by flattery, and allowed Pompey to fancy him his instrument, willing to work out another man's end, and, provided he could only overthrow the power of his enemies—the oligarchy. The first triumvirate was established, and its influence secured the Consulship for Cæsar. At the expiration of his year of office, the Provinces of both Gauls and Illyricum fell to his lot for a term of five years. He was now in a position to increase his name, to get himself more than ever talked about, and to fill men's mouths with glowing accounts of his victories over the dreaded enemies of Rome—the savage Gauls. He could create an army of devoted followers, and attach, by enriching them, a numerous retinue from the best families of the city, who accompanied him to his Province for the purpose of seeing the world, and studying the science of war. At the expiration of his command, his friends at home were successful in extending his term of government for five years. The death of Julia, his daughter and Pompey's wife, with the miserable discomfiture and fate of Crassus in Parthia, broke up the triumvirate. This connexion had lasted too long for the ambition of both. Pompey had discovered his mistake; Cæsar would be second to no man in Rome, or the Roman dominion. He reconciled himself with the Senate, and for a time appeared warmly to take up their cause. His rival continued in his province, patiently biding his time, and strengthening his means for the day of trial, whenever it should come. The breaking up of the first triumvirate and the weakness of the Senate had paralyzed the state machine. Cæsar was absent, Pompey remained a passive spectator of the disorder which reigned throughout the city, in the hope that it would be found necessary to invest him with the dictatorship. The ordinary magistracies were unfilled; there were no Consuls. The Senate at length prevailed upon him to lend the weight of his influence to the scale of order. He prevailed upon the tribunes to proceed to the election of Consuls, who, when elected, proved quite incompetent to repress the scenes of violence which almost daily occurred. The next year opened as the past had done, with an interregnum. The murder of Clodius by Milo exasperated the populace into furious and continued riots. A commission was appointed to take measures for the protection of the State, and Pompey was vested with power to raise troops for the safety of

the city. He had now the opportunity of seizing upon the dictatorship, but he hesitated, and the opportunity so carefully sought for passed away, like a word that has been spoken, never to be recalled. He was content to be sole Consul. Time passed on, and the Senate, having successfully thwarted the designs of his rival, prepared to take vengeance on Cæsar. Jealous of the unprecedented success which the Marian leader had obtained over the Gauls, and of the devotion of his followers, and equally suspicious of his influence over the minds of the provincials, they determined to put down Cæsar. He was directed to resign his command on an appointed day. He would return to Rome no longer possessed of the power to disobey the commands of the Senate, or overcome the legitimate rulers of the State. Secure in the affections of his soldiers and the good will of the popular party at home, Cæsar refused to resign his command, until certain grievances which he complained of were redressed. Pompey openly backed the Senate's decree.

The crisis had come, and its denouement rapidly followed. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon: the Senate refused all accommodation, and their enemy was carried in triumph to Rome. Pompey fled from Italy to the court of Epirus, carrying with him the Senate, and leaving the country at the mercy of the invader. The following extract is one of the best and most true in the book. Speaking of Cæsar, Mr. Merivale says: "He bore indeed an ancient and honorable name; his talents for war were perhaps the highest the world has ever witnessed: his intellectual powers were almost equally distinguished in the closet, the forum, and the field; his virtues, the very opposite to those of Cato, were assuredly not less conspicuous. But he possessed a qualification for success more essential than these; the perfect simplicity of his own character gave him tact to appreciate the real circumstances and tendencies of public affairs, to which his cotemporaries were signally blind. He watched the tide of events for many anxious years, and threw himself upon it at the moment when its current was most irresistible. Favoured on numerous occasions by the most brilliant good fortune, he never lost the opportunities which were thus placed within his grasp. He neither indulged himself in sloth like Lucullus, nor wavered like Pompeius, nor shifted like Cicero, nor like Cato wrapped himself in impracticable pride; but equally capable of commanding men and of courting, of yielding to events and of moulding them, he maintained his course firmly and fearlessly without a single false step, till he attained the topmost summit of human power." The remarks of Mr. Merivale, on his rival Pompey are, we think, judicious, and account for the hesitation displayed at the most critical moment of his affairs when the substance of the dictator's power was placed in his hands, and he held back for the empty title.

"Great as Pompeius undoubtedly was, it was a cardinal defect in his character that he failed to keep his principal aim steadily in view, and allowed minor objects to direct his course and fret away his energies. This may be observed even in his military career, in which his genius was most auspicious."

It will be remembered that he succeeded in baffling, nay, in positively defeating Cæsar before Petra in Epirus. Again, though the enemies over whom he conquered, when a young man, may be said to have been women and children when compared with Roman veterans, still it must be recollected that Pompey was but twenty-four years old, when he returned from his brilliant conquests, was hailed with the title of Magnus, and allowed the honor of a triumph. But to continue—"In the Spanish campaigns his operations were desultory and indecisive, and there seem to be traces of similar feebleness in his contest with Mithridates; his country-men were dissatisfied, and suspected him of protracting the struggle for political objects. In the city this want of decision became daily more evident—the consequence was that Pompeius failed to acquire any moral ascendency over his associates. His virtues were sobriety and moderation, and these he possessed in an eminent degree. But when these qualities are not the result of resolute self-control, but arise from a deficiency in animation and the sense of enjoyment, they have little attraction for men of warmer temperaments, and exercise still less command over their imaginations. Accordingly no man was so constantly deceived in the persons whom he selected for his instruments; they discovered his weaknesses, and shook off the yoke of his condescension. The distance which he affected in his intercourse with those about him arose partly from natural coldness, but more perhaps from his own distrust of his power over them. They mistook it at first for greatness of soul; but when approached nearer to the self-proclaimed Hero, they found with disgust of what ordinary clay he was formed."

We have already alluded to Pompey's flight from Italy; leaving the whole country at Cæsar's mercy. It was a bold attempt, and perhaps the only resource left to the man who had put aside from his mind all feelings of patriotism; he was ambitious to obtain despotic power for himself, but the forces which he led in Italy would be more disposed to obey the commands of the Senate than his own. They were not old veterans, like the soldiers of Cæsar, devoted to their leader, and having little sympathy with Rome itself. It was therefore necessary that he should carry the war to some country distant from Italy. The western world had become Romanized; but a successful general could hope to attach to his cause the inhabitants of the eastern Provinces, whose sympathies, as Mr. Merivale remarks, "are centred always in men, and never in governments." Provided that Pompey succeeded in triumphing over his enemies, it mattered little to them over whom he triumphed. They had no interest in the quarrels of factions within the City of Rome. On this subject Mr. Merivale thus writes: "That this however was the course Pompeius had determined to adopt (the introduction of eastern allies and a civil war) from the moment that he saw the contest with his rival inevitable, seems sufficiently proved by the whole tenor of his subsequent conduct. He hated the oligarchy of which he was the leader. At an earlier period, while placing him-

self ostensibly at its head, he had laboured to depress and degrade it. Jealous of the rival whom in self-defence he had raised against him in Cicero, he had used Cæsar, as he thought, as an instrument to crush this attempt to control him. But the instrument cut the workman's hand. The next turn in the wheel of fortune showed him in close alliance with this same party, to defend themselves against a common adversary. Pompeius however was well aware that these hollow friends would seize the moment of victory to effect his overthrow. If they worsted Cæsar, it would not be to submit once more to himself. He feared the hostile influence of the Consuls and Magistrates in a camp of Roman citizens, and felt that in the event of a struggle with them, his title of Imperator would not weigh against their superior claims to the soldier's allegiance. For the armies of which he was now the nominal leader were raised within the limits of Italy; they were not debauched, like the legions of Sulla, of Marius, of Cæsar, or those which he had himself led from Asia, by long absence from the city and habits of Military licence. In order to strengthen his own exalted position, or even to maintain it after the defeat of the invader, he required a Military force of another description. It was necessary that his anticipated victory should be gained, not on the soil of Italy, nor by the hands of Lentulus and Domitius, and that his return to Rome should be a triumph over the Senate no less than over Cæsar."

We must say a few words regarding Cæsar's character. To Mr. Merivale's admirable summing up, (which we have quoted) of his qualifications for the race which destiny called on him to run, we can have little to add. It is with the darker shades of the man that we would deal. Great as Cæsar undoubtedly was, it cannot be denied that we must only view him as an Heathen Statesman and Captain, pre-eminent above his cotemporaries, and even above the great men of old. His clemency in war and his generous treatment of his enemies, after he had attained supreme power, are deserving of our admiration. But though his conduct in this respect was immeasurably superior to that of the men of his own time, Cæsar could occasionally exhibit the greatest cruelty, and allow his soldiers to indulge in indiscriminate slaughter. In one battle alone it is believed that he permitted 6,000 prisoners to be massacred. He appears to have had no religious belief, but professed atheism with that inconsistency which usually attends such a profession,—he was a slave to superstition. It is recorded of him that he would not seat himself in a chariot without first muttering a charm. Impressed from early life with a conviction that he was fated to fill a distinguished portion in the world, he surmounted perils by sea and land under which less buoyant minds would have sank, and exposed himself to risk, which other men would have cautiously avoided; yet his mind, strong enough to reject the absurdities of Roman belief, was unable to penetrate the mystery which veiled from man's eyes the existence of a Supreme Being, the Great Disposer of human life and events. It is somewhat strange that he

should have been so singularly indifferent to the growing conviction which at the time he lived had taken possession of the Eastern, and had even reached the Western world, that a new order of things and a golden age were at hand. If Cæsar had been a mere soldier and adventurer, this would not appear so unaccountable; but we must recollect that his mind was highly cultivated; he had studied philosophy under the best masters of Athens; he was acquainted with the East and with Oriental thoughts and history; he was also an author and inquirer himself; and showed himself upon all occasions to be a close observer of men and their opinions. It is impossible to conceive that he should have had no opportunity of hearing mention made of this belief in some great and stupendous revolution which was to change the face of nations, old manners, customs, and superstitions. The Sibylline books clearly alluded to this belief. Virgil was subsequently acquainted with, and made use of them.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas,
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna
Jam nova progenies cælo dimittitur alto.

We can only believe that Cæsar considered himself to be the coming man, who was to restore order, peace, and good will on earth, or that he was really indifferent, as his philosophy would teach him to be, as to the future, or that he cared not to solve a problem which might interfere with his pleasures and comfort, and thwart his views of self-interest and ambition in this world. True it is, that "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Mighty to subdue nations and bend men to his will, we behold in Cæsar a man who could not subdue himself. In an age of licentiousness he was unable to rise superior to the vices of the degraded Romans who surrounded him. He was notorious in Rome for his immorality and gallantries, and when in Egypt fell an easy prey to the fascinating eyes of that "Serpent of old Nile," as Mark Antony was wont to call Cleopatra. We presume that this discourteous appellation was one of tenderness; though a feeling of its truth may have suggested the thought. If Mark Antony could lose a kingdom for this Siren when "wrinkled deep in time," we must make some allowance for Cæsar, in whose arms she threw herself resplendent in the morning brightness of her beauty, when she was "a morsel for a monarch," and her charms could kindle a fire in the coldly flowing blood of Pompey!

Broad fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Could stand and make his eyes grow in my brow
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life."
Antony and Cleopatra.

The lady pleads so strongly for her right to conquer, that we cannot be surprised at Cæsar's surrender at discretion. It was however well for his future fame, that he fell beneath the dagger of Brutus. His connexion with this "Rare Egyptian" would have proved a thorn in his side. Her residence in Rome, to which place she followed her lover, gave great offence. It was moreover believed that she studiously laboured to detach his thoughts from Italy and the consolidation of the Empire he had won. She would have persuaded him to turn his thoughts to eastern conquests, and by her

fatal influence would have kept him at Alexandria, until he had lost not only the world, like Antony, but his glorious name and reputation. This was a strange infatuation, and certainly not worthy of the man who could say that Cæsar's wife ought not even to be suspected—a moral sentiment and tribute to virtue, inconsistent with the laxity of morals and principle which he permitted to himself.

We had intended to have examined Cæsar's conquests, and his public life as a statesman before and after his attainment of supreme power. We should have wished to speak of his reforms, the extension of the franchise, remodelling of the Senate, alteration of the calendar, and limitation of the terms of foreign Government, with many other matters, but unhappily this article has already run to such a length, that we are prevented from doing so. One subject however interesting can hardly be allowed to take up more than a limited number of pages in a Magazine intended for such various discussion as the "Monthly for all India." In fancy we can already hear the voice of our Editor calling on us to stop, though more remain behind. We must obey, for Necessity is a great Law, and one man must not detain a shipful!

> Jam tumidus vocat Magister,
> Castigatque moras, et aura portum
> Laxavit melior ; vale libelle !
> Navem, scis puto, non moratur unus.
>
> MARTIAL.

NIGHTFALL.

How sweet it is at Eventide to hear
The wearied cattle low, as home they move,
What time the happy birds all through the grove,
Are pouring out their vesper music clear:
And sweet the time to love-lorn shepherd's ear,
Who hears his dear one falter of her love.
Sweet to the Poet, too, the hour must prove,
Lifting the soul to Thee, but freed from fear,
Parent of Good!
The solemn silence fills
The heart with love and awe, the lingering beams
Of Day's bright chariot crimson all the West,
And twilight slumbers on the fading Hills,
O! then come gushing o'er us voiceless dreams,
And a vague sorrow rules the chastened breast.

H. G. K.

SAMUEL SLOMAN,

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T HELP IT.*

If ever there was a man in the world who ought to have been happy and prosperous, my friend Samuel Sloman was that man. Of all those guides to ruin that currently go by the name of youthful follies, he cultivated not one; he neither drank nor gambled, had no absorbing weakness either for dogs, horses, dress, or dissipation. He had entered the Madras Army very young, had been remarkably fortunate in promotion, had occasionally got a taste of the good things of the service in the shape of appointments, had been blessed with many a snug addition to his means in the way of comfortable little legacies; for he had several relatives and connexions, great and other uncles, aunts and cousins, in very respectable circumstances, and, as in the words of the Irish Baronet, it appeared hereditary in the family to have no children; our hero, the one sole scion, was naturally heir to them all. Samuel was moreover by no means deficient in abilities. Yet, strange to say, nothing ever seemed to thrive with him; he was always in difficulties, usually in debt, and never had any thing to show for it. If he got a Staff appointment, he was sure to lose it in a few months, nobody knew how or why, though all felt certain that it was by no fault of his own, but only because he could not help it. His very legacies came to him shorn of half their fair proportions, by duties which he never need have paid, had he only thought of proving his affinity; by Law expenses incurred by over-confidence, by rates of exchange, which somehow or other were always against him, whether to remit or to draw, and the remainder was frittered away in paying bills for things that he did not want, or that he had not got, and was far from certain that he ever *had* had. But somehow or other, there the bills were, and the charges were so exorbitant, that he could not make up his mind to pay them; so they went on at interest till Samuel was flush of money, and did not exactly know what to do with it, when he used to pay them off to get rid of the bother of the thing, and save the postage of those eternal duns which tortured his very soul. What was he to do? a man could not be always counting and calculating, and if he did see anything that took his fancy, it was quite natural that he should let the man send it home to him just to look at, and then these things will slip one's memory you know, and those shopkeepers made him buy the articles, because he had forgotten to send them back again; and of course he could not help it, and then he naturally hated the very sight of them, and was only too glad to get them off his hands. He could always get some friend to take

* The idea of writing a series of sketches of character has been taken from Douglas Jerrold, and, in part, even the title of the present number; but here the resemblance ends, and it will be found that the Indian Imitator is in no other respect indebted to his great prototype.

them, so it was not so much loss after all, except that his friends took very long credit, and sometimes said they had paid him, when he could not, for the life of him, recollect the fact, and sometimes denied the transaction *in toto;* and then of course Samuel could not help it, for although he always kept most minute accounts, and never tore up receipts or memoranda, yet somehow or other he could never lay his hand on them when required. The only wonder was how he managed to keep clear of those speedier agents of destruction mentioned before; at least it *would* have been a wonder, only he did not *manage* it at all; in fact, he kept clear of them, literally because he could not help it. He had an invincible trick of going to sleep at whist about the middle of the first deal, never attempted Billiards without cutting the cloth, and at a round game was sure to be seized on as partner by the lady of the party most addicted to cheating, so the consequence was that he could not help keeping clear of gambling, as nobody would gamble with him. As for horses he rode worse than any tailor; drinking made him sick instead of tipsy, indeed a painfully nervous temperament kept him out of dissipations of all kinds. He did once commit an extravagance in dogs, for his brother officers were fond of sport, and had a bobbery pack in the Regiment, to which they easily persuaded Sloman to contribute thirty fox-hounds as his share; but one day poor Samuel got bitten by one of his dogs, and an early horror of hydrophobia, the sole strong emotion he had ever known, revived within his breast, and so completely did the hideous idea possess his whole soul, that for once in his life he did an energetic thing—purely because he could not help it—he sent his dogs to the hammer without asking any one's advice on the subject. It would of course be superfluous to say that our friend Sloman was a prodigious favourite with the ladies; he was such a nice, quiet, obliging creature; he used to get such charming books out from England, annuals and picture books of all sorts, and was so ready to lend, and the dear children did so enjoy looking at pictures, and Mr. Sloman was *so* good-natured, he didn't mind if they did get a little torn or bread-and-buttery. Children would be children you know. Then he was always so ready to copy out music for them, and did it so beautifully neat, (Samuel always got it done by the band master for a consideration,) and he could always be asked at the last moment to dinner, if an unlucky excuse happened to leave a party of thirteen at table, and was not proud, and could sing a tolerable song, and would devote himself to the *wall flowers* at a ball, or stand up for a lady on occasion, and always bring his flute with him to tea parties, as a last resource against ennui, and never got sulky at not being asked to play it, and never smoked, and did not drink much wine. They were sure he would make a perfect angel of a husband; in fact it was only the universality of this opinion that enabled Samuel to help being compulsorily married in the earliest portion of his career; but the ladies themselves protected him; he was too useful to be thrown away, and though many a tender mother did

sinfully covet the young man as a husband for her plainest daughter, yet he was so effectually shielded by the jealous watchfulness of other tender mothers of precisely similar ambitions, that, like the heaven-guarded Una, he walked in safety through myriads of unseen dangers—dreading none.

But this state of things was not destined to last. There was a lady in his regiment, a Mrs. Firebrace, who had been gifted by nature with a genius for match-making, which intense study and zealous practice had matured to perfection. She had contrived to get off no less than nine daughters, five nieces, and three particular friends; and although Firebrace was only third Captain, with a bald head and bottle nose, pot belly, and strong propensity to brandy-and-water, she had contrived to obtain magnificent matches for almost all of them. She had even refused a Brigadier for her beautiful Adelinda, and greatly did her friends lament over what they deemed her downfal, greatly did they mourn for the glory of her genius departed—when brighter than ever flashed forth that genius in dazzling coruscation, and the foresight, firmness, and skill of Mrs. Firebrace triumphed indeed, when the lovely Adelinda returned from Church as Mrs. Oldstick, the glittering bride of a Member of Council. And though no other stroke had been equally successful with this, still all of her protegées save two had made most eligible marriages, and rewarded in full her maternal solicitude. Her youngest daughter Sophia, unmistakeably the prettiest of the lot, was, I grieve to say, one exception. She it was who, when just on the point of being married to Pepsy, the Civil and Sessions Judge, had made a runaway match with a Subaltern of Artillery, and, what annoyed her mother more than any thing else, dared to pretend to be very happy afterwards. It was setting such a very bad example!! The other exception was a niece, whom Mrs. Firebrace had been induced to invite to India, by a very reprehensible deception; for her mother, who only wanted genius and opportunities to have been a Mrs. Firebrace herself, had deluded her sister by a most glowing, but, alas! apocryphal account of Miss Martha's charms, which, when upbraided therewith, she penitently attributed to maternal partiality. Mrs. Firebrace was of course justly annoyed, but with the decision and practical acuteness that ever mark true genius, she wasted not her time and temper in useless upbraiding, but having calculated the expense of sending the young lady back again, she concluded that it was worth while to make one vigorous effort to dispose of her first, and it was with this intention that she fixed her eye on Mr. Sloman. As there was no time to be lost, she opened her attack on him that very evening when he approached her carriage at the Band. "My dear Mr. Sloman," said she, "what an age it is since we have seen you, (it had been three whole days,) why do you never look in and take a quiet cup of tea with us? it will really be a charity, for since the last of my dear girls left us," (she had married a Captain of Cavalry, who was sole heir to an Alderman, a week or two before,) we are miserably lonely." Poor Samuel blushed and stammered, and really felt a little proud of being taken notice

of by a lady of such high connexions. However, to make a long story short, he accepted an invitation for the very next evening, to tea of course. "We shall be quite alone, Mr. Sloman," said his fair inviter at parting, "and pray do please bring your flute with you." True to his time went Samuel, though Buckhorse, the Junior Ensign, had been joking him most confoundedly all the morning. "I congratulate you, old boy," said he, "you are fairly in for it. I say, what was the amount of your last legacy, and why did you let Mother Blazes hear of it?" "I thought you were coming to mess to-night, Sloman," said Longstop the Senior Lieutenant. "We shall have a jolly party, and we all count on you for a song." "Really," would poor Sloman say, "I am very sorry, in fact I would much rather—but the truth is Mrs. Firebrace was so very pressing, and asked me so kindly, that I could not help it you know." And sure enough he went, flute and all, and for three weary hours did he breathe his soul into that unfortunate flute, while Mrs. Firebrace and her niece Martha were in ecstasies, and the Captain went to sleep over his second tumbler of grog. It was slightly a drawback on the success of the evening, that when, after he had blown himself black in the face, and been compelled to lay down his instrument from sheer exhaustion, he was asked to sing, he found he had so wastefully expended his breath before hand, that he could do nothing but cough, and broke down irrecoverably in the third bar of the Marble Halls, to the inexpressible regret of Mrs. Firebrace, whose eyes darted an absolute thunderbolt at poor Martha, for certain extraordinary sounds not unlike suppressed laughter which issued from behind that young lady's pocket handkerchief. The lost ground was partly recovered at supper, by which name was dignified a Savoy biscuit and a glass of very weak negus, prepared by the fair hand of Miss Martha herself; and about 11 o'clock poor Samuel was permitted to depart to his guileless slumbers, which we have no hesitation in saying were not disturbed by any visions of the fair negus maker. He had indeed taken most ungratefully slight notice of that lady, and though her expressions of delight had kept him blowing away at that infernal flute till his chest ached, and his eyes watered, they had made no further impression upon him. He had certainly looked at the lady, and had come to the conclusion that she was about five-and-thirty years of age, uncomfortably angular and skinny, with a sharp-pointed nose, decidedly red at the tip, and large prominent eyes, of a yellowish green colour: her figure had almost struck him as being slightly out of the perpendicular, and the only harmonies which he could charitably discover in her features, were that her hair was very nearly a match in colour for her nose, and her teeth for her eyes. He did not feel in the slightest degree enamoured, and Mrs. Firebrace not only saw that such was the fact, but candidly admitted that it could scarcely have been expected to have been otherwise. Most ladies would have given up the thing in despair. Not so, however, our match-making genius. Her courage did but rise with difficulties; opposition did but invigorate her to perseverance; apa-

thy itself was not to be allowed to be proof against the influence of her will. Day after day, night after night, did she contrive that the parties should meet on some pretext or other, yet never so as to make her design manifest. She got up a mania for evening parties among the ladies of the Regiment. She inveigled the Bachelors into giving a series of picnics. And when Samuel was tired of this vortex of dissipation, she would echo his tone of weariness, and ask him in to a quiet tea; it was so pleasant after he had been kept in a constant whirl of excitement, to sit quietly down with his old friends without *gène* or nonsense, and talk it all over. So Samuel, who could never stand much in the way of excitement, and knew no enjoyment in life equal to taking things easy, really did find these little tea drinkings very pleasant, especially as he only played the flute when and as long he pleased; and so far from attempting, as he had feared, to force Miss Martha upon him, his kind hostess did all in her power to keep them apart. He could not help observing this; he saw it with wonder, and, I blush to add, with delight, and he felt deep compunction for ever having suspected Mrs. Firebrace. There was nothing therefore to disturb his peace. In that house he had comfort and quietness. After the annoyance of military duties, which he hated, or of balls and dinners, which he scarcely liked better, or the jokes and badgering of his brother officers, he could drop in at the Firebraces, and compose himself to comfort like a worried cat on a hearth rug. In this paradise of dreamy happiness a month or two had glided away, when one evening, happening to look in rather late, he found Mrs. Firebrace sitting alone, with unquestionable traces of tears in her eyes. He expressed a hope that she was not ill. "No, my dear Sam," she replied, (for they had long since got through that chrysalis state of intimacy in which a "*Mister*" is indispensable,) "but I have sustained a sad shock to-day, a very bitter disappointment." Sloman, who knew she had had a ticket in a raffle, which had been drawn that morning a blank, (he had indeed presented her with it himself) began, what he thought, an apposite style of consolation; but Mrs. Firebrace cut him short with rather uncalled-for asperity, and then, begging pardon for her abruptness, she added: "No, no; it is no selfish sorrow, far less such a trifle as that. Oh! my dear Sam, how could you think so meanly of me? It is connected with one very very dear to me—it is indeed my beloved niece." And the warm-hearted lady burst into a flood of tears which did not much moisten her pocket handkerchief. Samuel sat with his hat in his hands, looking uncommonly blue, and half in the mind to get up and make a bolt of it. Not that any definite terrors had invaded his mind, but he had a great abhorrence of a scene,—in fact, it agitated him. "We yesterday," continued the lady, "received a proposal for her hand, oh! my dear Sam, so eligible, so excellent an offer, so admirable a man, so very high in the service. He had seen her, Samuel, he had known her amiable heart, her estimable qualities; he could not forget her; he proposed, proposed by letter; I have it in my pocket. He was, yes, he was refused! oh! my dear Samuel, fancy our dis-

tress! We can gain no clue from Martha as to the cause of her most extraordinary conduct, except that she bursts into passionate tears, and murmurs something about never forgetting *him*. Who that *him* may be, we cannot even guess, but he little knows the treasure he has won in my sweet Martha's heart, or if he *does* know it, oh! Samuel, what a villain he must be, if he casts it away." Alas! poor Sloman, he broke out into a cold perspiration; his knees trembled, his heart beat, his head ached, and a sort of inspiration whispered in his ear, Thou art the man! and I pledge you my honor, reader, that it was not vanity, but rather resembled those strange presentiments, shadowy presages of coming evil, so fearfully inexplicable by philosophy. All he thought of was, how to get out of the house. He had a faint recollection afterwards of having said he was very ill, and beyond that recollects nothing, until he found himself on his own couch in a state which he firmly believed to be a high nervous fever. He heard no more from his fair friend for two days, but on the third, just as he was beginning to recover, he received a note from Mrs. Firebrace, begging him to come over immediately, on a business of life and death. He went; he could not help going; he found the lady dreadfully excited, and the Captain, with a tumbler of brandy and water on the table, stronger than he had ever seen it before, looking portentously solemn and impressive. He returned but a supercilious nod to Samuel's salutation, sniffed significantly, and took one or two short turns about the room, stamping his heel occasionally, like a buck rabbit getting up the steam for a fight. Mrs. Firebrace, however, still warmly, though mournfully, shook our hero's hand, for she felt, as she often said, an affection for him for which she could not account. "I have now to inform you, Mr. Sloman," said she, "that we have discovered the secret; it is one on which much depends; upon your reception of that secret hangs the fate, I fear the life, of an amiable and affectionate girl, and I shudder to think of any other consequences that might"—here her eye glanced with an expression of terror towards the Captain whose nose was redder than ever, and on whose manly brow was seated a diabolical scowl. Poor Sloman's heart was rapidly dying within him. "I would have given anything, would have done anything," continued the lady, "to have avoided this; I *did* do all in my power to prevent it; Samuel, you know I always did: I see you anticipate what I have to add; yes, you are right, my niece, Martha, (compose yourself, Mr. Sloman,) loves you, loves you with that first passionate fondness of a woman's heart, that no man's breast can know; yes, sir, the flower of her virgin soul offers its first fragrance to you; if you have any feeling, if you have a heart, if you are a man—I have said enough." "But my dear Mrs. Firebrace," screamed poor Sloman, "it cannot be, really I never..." "Samuel Sloman," said the lady solemnly, "pause before you speak. What you ever did or said, rests of course with your own conscience, for never would that angelic sufferer betray you—but that which you say cannot be, not only *can* be, but *is*. You are of course free to

please yourself, but *if* blighted affection should lay that sweetest girl in the cold ground," (here she sobbed, and Samuel burst into tears) "a victim to an undeserved regard *for* a villain—" "Oh! Mrs. Firebrace," interrupted Samuel. "Yes, sir," repeated the lady, "for a villain! all I can say is, that that villain shall never be forgiven by me, and that my husband......" here Sloman sprang from his chair with a start of agony, for just at that moment the Captain had opened a bottle of soda water, and the report was terribly suggestive of pistols to the ears of poor Sam. The soda water in fact finished the business, for in less than five minutes, Sloman was on his knees before Miss Martha, maundering forth protestations of undying love, in tones in which fear, compassion, disgust, and good nature, were queerly mingled. In short Samuel Sloman got married because he could not help it, and, strange to say, it turned out to be the best thing he ever did in his life; for his wife, though no beauty, proved a good, affectionate, hard-working creature, with a large stock of plain common sense, and indefatigably active; so that although, in point of fact, Samuel, after his marriage, was even farther from being able to help anything than he had been before, still his wife managed matters for him so cleverly, taking care in the neatest manner that he should have all the credit, that spite of himself he got a name for being a deuced long-headed fellow; for his friends, who saw the steady course his bark was steering, but were quite in the dark about the wary little pilot in petticoats, whose hand was at the wheel, always cried him up as a miracle of prudence and wisdom, and Samuel passed through life as a model and an oracle, purely *because he could not help it.*

K.

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.

I long to live
  Upon a shaded sloping lawn,
That should in summer mist-wreaths give
  Up to the dawn.

There I would listen
  To the low laughing of a fount,
Whose drops that in the sunshine-glisten
  Break, as they mount.

There I would muse
  How toilsome all things mortal are:
Under the Beech-tree, far from Yews
  That drip despair.

Let me be laid,
  When all of me that can shall die,
Where the rose hangs o'er the colonnade,
  And the night winds sigh.

H. G. K.

DRY LEAVES FROM YOUNG EGYPT.

BY PROFESSOR EASTWICK,

Hon'ble Company's College, Haileybury.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise,
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle ranged,
Both horse and foot nor idly mustered stood:
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain
Their booty: scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms, the ensanguined field
Deserted, &c. &c.

MILTON.

It is but seldom,—indeed we may say never,—that we have been called upon to review a work similar to the

"Dry Leaves from Young Egypt,"

and it augurs well for the public taste that a second edition has been called for within so short a period. It is the production of a young officer lately attached to the Political Department in Sindh, and we do him barely justice, when we state, that in his case, the act which removed him from his regimental duties to a different branch of the Service, conferred as much credit on the decision of the ruling power, as it did honor to the individual selected.

Seldom indeed do men arrive at that early maturity of judgment that alone can justify their appointment to such highly onerous and responsible duties; and it is a fortunate circumstance for a Government, and a most happy accident for a people, when to the warm and generous feelings of uncorrupted youth, are superadded the calm consideration, the prudent foresight, and the impartial discrimination of riper age.

We feel in advancing years, that the science of Government, even when a people revere the law, and honor its ministers, is of all human labors the most difficult and unsatisfactory.

What then must it be, where lawless tyranny, carried on by means of the power of the sword for successive centuries, has at last undermined the whole fabric of society; where the fetid breath of the shameless oppressor is at once the law and the sentence; where, despising fruitless appeal, brooding revenge proudly justifies its blood-thirsty and murderous acts, and the weak and feeble-minded sink into an everlasting despair.

> So violence
> Proceeded, and oppression and sword-law,
> Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

Such is the picture of the province of Sindh, as presented by the talented author. It is indeed

> a goodly land,
> Where a sharp sword or dagger's point decides
> A case in equity.
>
> *Tara, the Suttee.*

What then but the ardour of youth and the *mens conscia recti*, could have supported a clear and comprehensive mind, when the full horror of such a blighting spectacle—not in Milton's vision, but in horrid reality—was unceasingly presented—when the veil of doubt and uncertainty was torn aside, and the fresh tints of the loathsome and terrifying picture were plainly visible to the naked eye *!*

Read the book, and when you have scanned its deeply interesting pages, you will frankly acknowledge that for an unostentatious and unguarded display of all the qualities that endear man to his fellows, you need search no further. You trust the author with your whole heart and soul—for his are faithfully presented for examination—you believe him, and more than this is unnecessary.

So simple and unassuming is the artless style of the 'Dry Leaves,' that you feel yourself ever present—hand in hand,—to revel in the cool air and charming prospect: you climb the steep treadmill of Mount Aboo; with him you enter the ancient Jainist temples, built of "white marble, ornamented with innumerable figures, and the richest tracery, which stand on a spot now trodden only by savage Bheel or wandering Jogee." When at leisure, you may read Colonel Tod's account of the worse than degraded beasts—our fellow-creatures—who worship within those fair fanes—which still

> lift up
> Their rotten privilege !

You sit down together on his judgment seat, where you do not "find a stagnation of business." On the contrary, you discover that the young judge decides three hundred cases within two months, working on an average for ten hours a day. But then he is handsomely paid—he enjoys his *Quid pro quo!* That must be conceded—for his civil emolument amounts to the excessively liberal allowance of thirty shillings a month; enough surely, to allure Queen's Counsels or Senior Barristers from Westminster Hall.

With him you exchange the dulcet and delicious notes of some domestic Persiani, for the gentle whisper of the Khyrpore noble, whose softest murmurs rival the brain-crushing sledge-hammer of a Smithfield slaughterman.

With your own eyes you detect a lady of unspotted reputation and unblemished virtue, who passed the 'live long starry night with her closed eyes heavenward,—*sub Jove, et in puris naturalibus*—such being the custom of the burning country: — you also cough, and she disappears !

He mentions, but as it were incidentally, the "enticing cry of the black partridge, and the salmon-like flavor of the Pulla." Ah traitor to gastronomy ! is it thus lightly that you would slur over the delicious shortness of the grain of the former, and the extreme lusciousness of the roe of the latter?—put it on toast, sprinkle it with cayenne, and then . . .

Well, well ! it was, let us hope, but an oversight of youth, to be corrected in some future edition.

Our author reaches Rohree, and there we are informed that the pious believers in Mahommed's revelation, religiously preserve a hair and a half from the head of the Prophet. This crinose relic, this sacred integer and fraction. are set in a gold tube, adorned with large rubies, and unquestionably rival the famous holy coat of Treves, or the sacred arm of Saint Thingumbob, lately bought to shower its blessings over the broad lands of England, by the pious Cardinal Wiseman.

So it seems that Priestcraft and superstition draw largely on the belief of ignorance and darkness, from East to West, in all ages.

We turn next with pleasure to peruse the interesting anecdote of the Sukktr Robin Hood, Ráhman Bandee; and are delighted to find that both he and his illustrious compeers "are fond of listening to marvellous stories, and however incredible, they never (good Catholics) express a doubt, if the Agency of a Saint or a Jinn be introduced." We blush for the neglect of Popish Christendom! How many well-grounded and heart-rending legends might have been carefully circulated amongst these believing people. The winking Virgin; the bleeding picture, the blessed Virgin's milk; the temptations of Saint Anthony; the history of the Santa Casa of Loretto, and innumerable others all of equal truth, might by this time have solaced their hours of meditation, and been the blessed means of enriching the consumptive coffers of the Popedom.

A succeeding chapter discloses a most painful proof of the worse than utter impotency and rashness of the parties entrusted with political power in Sindh, and will command intense interest.

The fruits of this incompetence speedily ripened, and within six months, wholesale plunderings, horrid murders, and the most perfect general disorganization attested that "there never was an enterprise of such magnitude conducted with so little foresight and prudence."

True that the indefatigable Parsees were beginning to make their appearance with beer, soda water, hams, and Seidlitz powder, but five miles from camp no one was safe. Who will not sympathize with the care-worn political chief (may his shadow never be diminished) who under these distressing circumstances issued the following important instructions to his Assistant with a thoughtful anxious air.

"I have sent for you to beg you will lay the camel dâk with care, and use every exertion, in order that the produce of the vegetable garden, *particularly green peas*, may reach me as often as c."

To many this relation may appear a caricature, but we happen to remember a parallel instance of attention to creature-comforts, in which a young officer, who was detached from his Regiment while at Asseergurh, to capture the wily and active free-booter and murderer Shaik Dulloo, actually posted himself in a pleasant ruined summer-house on the banks of the Taftee, and left the following pencilled memorandum on the white-washed wall:—

"On the 29th, I set the black hen on nine tainee (or dunghill) fowl's eggs."

The reader may be assured that these men were not even blood relations.

We observe with much satisfaction that political characters in all countries are invariably distinguished by their superior coolness and self-possession.

Prince Metternich and Talleyrand could not have displayed these useful, or rather indispensable qualities in higher perfection than Abbas Ali and Abdurrahman; and to convince the reader, we must narrate the amusing anecdote in the author's own words.

"Between the two existed a mortal antipathy, and each, as in turn he visited me, expatiated with much gusto on the vices of the other. One day the elder Seyyad was haranguing me on the usual theme, and had just assured me that Abbas Ali was by birth a slave, and no Seyyad at all, when the latter, who, in fact, had been listening at the tent door, entered. I rashly imagined that my aged friend would be abashed at this *contre temps*, but so far from it, he welcomed the new-comer with a bland and tranquil air, and gravely told him that he had just been praising him to the Saheb. The sudden change was worthy of a Persian."

A subsequent anecdote proves that but little dependance can be placed on the vaunted superiority of the discipline of the Bombay Sipahees, who seem not to be a whit more trustworthy than those of Bengal.

To the firmness and soldierly decision of character which so eminently distinguish Sir C. Napier, it is most indispensably necessary that a perfect knowledge of the feelings and manners, the *esprit de corps* of native troops, should be added; otherwise, while suppressing a decided mutiny, the most fatal results may be apprehended. We speak under correction, but it has always appeared to us, that so far from expecting instant obedience from them, we should treat them as naughty children, and in a great measure, (excepting of course in very extreme cases,) coax them back to their duty; and this can be effected only by a cool soldier and a thorough linguist. As it is, we have too often seen that it is easy enough to drive them to desperation. Our author's opinions on this important subject display much sound judgment and knowledge of native character, and are eminently deserving of adoption.

Let us now offer a few words on the charming episode of Saula Bundi.

"It is impossible to conceive a more truculent looking savage, than he appeared. A mass of ebon-hair half concealed his face: his forehead was villainous low, while from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, his dark eyes gleamed with the ferocity of a wild beast."

Look at him in the faithful etching before you. True he sits on the ground with his wrists bound, and a catenarian rope hanging from his neck; but without these tokens of dependance on the good pleasure of others, there are but few persons with nerves sufficiently strong to look at his face, imbued, as it is with the most intensely demoniac expression, without feelings of personal alarm. Yet this blood-thirsty murderer, this wholesale robber, was most undeniably a modest man!

He thought so humbly of his own distinguished merit, as to consider his very valuable life barely worth from five to ten, or at the outside twenty camels;

nay, he even offered to toss a Beloochee girl, as a make-weight, into the bargain!

This rare combination of large organs of destructiveness, with a small self-esteem — this curious union of murder and modesty — we say it with much diffidence, is not easily to be accounted for on phrenological principles; while our faith in phiz-y-oscopy remains enduring and unshaken. One thing at all events is certain, we must in future psychological studies, class modesty, of which we *hear* so much daily, amongst the minor virtues.

Read now the heart-sickening tale of triumphant cholera. When three or four victims are carried off in a single street of London, how rapidly does the vicinage acquire an infamous character, which is carefully handed down to posterity. Every heart is filled with anxiety and alarm: but in Eastern countries, we have known it to continue in one city for weeks, destroying 700 Musulman souls a day; but the ruler never thought it worth his while to register the deaths of those dogs, Hindoos,—although they died by thousands. Listen—"It was a fearful night! We were packed so close together in the Agency compound, that we could hear sounds, plainly indicative of what was going on. At least two hundred died that night!"

The charms of a Sindhian climate are most faithfully stated—the heat must have been nearly equal, if at all inferior, to that of Calpee, Banda, or any other favored spot in Bundlecund, about the same season of the year, viz. at 150° half an hour after sunset. Let the reader peruse the passage, and then he may be fully competent to judge of the desiccating miseries attendant on an excess of radiating caloric. But this combination of intense heat with an air saturated with moisture, forces up the Holcus Sorgum to the astonishing height of 20 feet.

The book so much abounds in pleasing passages, that we feel considerable difficulty in selecting any striking ones for peculiar study.

A soldier's life, habits, feelings, and opinions, are most admirably displayed throughout the 9th chapter; but in the 10th, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* We think that the name of the brave, zealous, and indefatigable soldier, who galloped 130 miles over such a burning country, commanded the Cavalry at the ensuing battle, conquered and returned with the news of the victory to Sukhur within three days, deserved an honorable record: while the omission of that of the nimble valiant, who "reserved his fire altogether for another day," and left his Engineer friend Hill, single-handed, to stand the brunt of a large tiger, merits our entire approbation. He was a *beau ideal* of a very different stamp!

Here let us pause: we should feel too happy to believe that the innumerable cases of oppression and injustice which are to be met with in these truthful pages, were *ex parte* statements, exaggerated perhaps by the kind-hearted and generous feelings of the author—but alas! the two last chapters, and the most painful public correspondence between the hard-fated Ameers of Sinde and our own rulers, but too clearly demonstrate that corporate bodies seldom have any heads, and never any hearts.

We turn with most unutterable scorn and disgust from the clear

and damning proofs of the cold-blooded and long-protracted injuries to which they have been most basely and most ungratefully subjected. Surely the cry of the injured......Bah! There are money bags at stake......

Is India free, or does she wear her plumed and jewelled turban with a smile of peace; or do we grind her still?

COWPER.

Let this honest book answer to our shame!

A BURST

ON READING IN LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

"LA JEUNESSE EST UNE IVRESSE CONTINUELLE, C'EST LA FIEVRE DE LA RAISON."

I.

YES—but if apathy be health esteemed,
  If to grow cautious, passionless, and sly,
The proof of wholesome temperament be deemed,
  And our best symptom is a dull, cold eye;

II.

If from the dreams of youth we are to wake,
  But to the soulless platitudes of pelf;
Of love, tears, smiles our sullen leave to take,
  And sober gradually down to self;

III.

Fill me the cup of youth; pour out its wine;
  Come, drink, till the pulses ring again!
Die we in passion, for 'tis more divine,
  And to live loveless, is to live in vain.

M

THE FOLK AT OUR STATION.—NO. II.

THE GENERAL, HIS A. D. C., AND DAUGHTER.

HERE we are on the tented plain, and Tom Rasper crowing like a cock on his own dunghill. The young 'uns are having it all their own way,—a hundred and twenty runs in the first innings,—while we have not made fifty, and there goes our sixth wicket. I knew how it would be, Harry! when the silks and satins began to rustle in the tent, "your eyes were with your heart, and that was far away." Now just listen to that chap Rasper: "Come send a better man, if there is one among you old cripples—" the match is the over-twenty-five against the under-twenty-five—"Just fancy a lot of old fogies like those attempting to play us young chaps; I'll bet five to one on the match, and even that we win it in a single hand."

"Ludovick! my dear fellow! go to the wicket, and just stop that boasting; Jones is well in; he is not a pretty player; he has only one hit to the leg, so tell him to beware of the round-arm bowling: he will keep his wicket, if you play steady to him; I will follow when the next wicket falls."

"Very well, Fitz! but if I don't punish that bowling, I'm a Dutchman, and no true German."

"How goes the game?" a rich pleasant voice enquired of the scorers.

"All against the old ones, Colonel," replied an Ensign, who had just examined the score, "seventy-five runs behind in the first innings, and six wickets down."

"Has Fitz been in?"

"No, sir!"

"Then why does he not go in?"

"Here he is, ask him."

"Because," I put in, "I have sent a better man to the wicket."

"Who is he?"

"A friend of mine, who arrived only this morning, a Kentish man, fresh out from England, and if I were in the habit of betting, I would take Rasper's offer of five to one upon his side."

"It would not do for me to encourage gambling, or I would take the bet myself; why does not the youngster there take him up?"

This was said in allusion to a very quiet griff, who had just joined us, so turning to him, I said—

"Barnett, Colonel Noble does not approve of gambling, and is particularly averse to his Subalterns making bets; still he recommends you to accept Rasper's offer of five to one."

"You are a pretty fellow for one of my Regimental Staff, Lieutenant Fitz Fulke; I'll note that in the private and confidential report, after the inspection next month."

"Thank you, Colonel! I am glad you appreciate my desire to promote your wishes, even when I get only a slight hint."

"Rasper, I'll take your bet; what, will you give it in?"

"Five turnips to a leg of mutton."

When the laugh raised at the expense of the Griff was over, Rasper offered the bet in chicks;

this was accepted, and Barnett had his revenge.

Scarcely had Ludovick taken his place at the wicket, when the ball came flying into the tent, runs were made rapidly, bowlers were changed, but to no purpose, no hole could they find in his bat; every good ball was well stopped; the bad ones hit clean out of the field; not a chance was thrown away; and place the field how they would, Ludovick still continued to play the ball wide of them, and brought out his bat; the other players seconded him well, and when the last wicket fell, the old ones were ahead. Tiffin was not perhaps without its effect upon the lads; they cut a sorry figure in the second innings, and Harry Mortlock, and four others, wiped off the score, the cripples thus winning by six wickets.

"I say, Fitz," exclaimed the crest-fallen Rasper at the conclusion of the game, "it was a precious deal too bad of you to take us in with that long German with a swipy name."

"I did not think you could be so easily done, Rasper; really for a sporting man you are very soft; why you said your Civilian friend was worth a dozen Germans; well good evening! let me know to-morrow when you propose to play the return match. By the way the tiffin was a very good one, the champagne undeniably good, and cooled to a thought; the losers have to pay for it, so I will send the Khansamah to you with the bill, and you can collect the shares: good evening! better luck next time."

Driving home, we came across Harry Mortlock, his Arab going at racing pace. Whither so fast, good Harry? Ah! I see, Heartwell's carriage is turning on to the course; we dine at home, Harry! there will be a grilled bone, and a hot brew at 10 o'clock: can you tear yourself away so early, think you?"

The dinner is over, and the servants gone; Ludovick and I have drawn our chair to the fire-side, I to enjoy my hookah, he to blow an aromatic cloud from the never-failing meerschaum of the German student,—for Ludovick had been an inmate of a German as well as an English University, and became master of most of the accomplishments to be attained at both those seats of learning.

I was watching the graceful undulations of the smoke as it rose slowly upwards, thinner and thinner till it disappeared altogether; this is an occupation which always engenders a train of reflection with me, and commencing with a quiet chuckle over Tom Rasper's discomfiture, I had passed by a natural transition from him to my Kentish friend, thence to Kentish cricketers, thence to scenes which were familiar to me in that county, and from these to other scenes, to spots long dear to me, to friends fondly remembered; and I was revolving in my mind whether I should ever again re-visit these cherished haunts, where the pleasant days of my childhood and youth had been passed, ever again behold those faces which made even the remembrance of these haunts so sweet.

"A penny for your thoughts, Fitz," gaily exclaimed my friend, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and preparedto re-fill it.

"I hardly know what I was, or rather, what I was not thinking of, Ludovick!—home I believe."

"I was certain of that, we have talked too much of home to-day. Come now, my fine philosopher, can you trace the progression of your thoughts from the first idea, up to the remembrance of home? Can you define its course, step by step, through all its gradations, and connect the various links of the chain into one united series? I trow not: what was your first thought?"

"How you took in our sporting Lieutenant this morning, and how savage he was with me for humbugging him with that long German with the swipy name as he calls you; and the General's pun, 'I suppose, Rasper, you designate him the gentleman with the swipy name, because he swiped away all your balls,' and the old man chuckled at his own wit."

"Well, suppose we drop our philosophical discussion, and you tell me something about the General; he is a fine looking old soldier."

"Thoughts of home have made me sad, and I am not much in a humour for story-telling."

"Then the sooner you get into one, the better."

"Well, there is nothing like making a beginning, so here goes. Major General Oldham is a soldier of the old school; I do not mean to say that he is an advocate for pipe-clay, hair-powder, and pomatum, but he does not think that the moralé of the Indian Armies has been raised by the assimilation of the Sepoys to the European model; he says they marched better in sandals and jangheeas, than they do in shoes and pantaloons, but above all, he sets his face against the order of Sir Henry Fane, requiring that promotion to the Non-Commissioned grades should be made without reference to seniority; that the smartest and best behaved Sepoys should be selected for promotion, to the exclusion of the steady old soldiers, who have served long and faithfully, but who are not quite so active and spruce as they were ten or fifteen years back. He thinks that in a service, in which the officers all obtain promotion in virtue of seniority, and in which regimental supercession is unknown, the same rule should be, as far as practicable, maintained with the men, and that the oldest soldier should always be promoted, unless he is physically or intellectually unfit for the service, in either of which cases he should be pensioned."

"In all of which Lieutenant Fitz Fulke concurs, judging from the evident gusto with which he enunciates these dicta of superior authority. I asked you for a history of the General, not for a disquisition upon the merits of this or that system of promotion in the Indian Army; you have evidently got upon the back of one of your hobby horses, and if you are not stopped short, you will soon leave a slow coach like myself far b hind, if you do not ride the poor thing to death."

"Well then, I will drop the subject like a hot potato, and tell you all I know of the General's career. He commenced his active service as a subaltern with the Bengal Volunteers at the storming of Seringapatam; he was present at the taking of Alligurh, and the battles of Delhi and Laswarrie, also at that of Deeg, and the subsequent capture of the fort. His next campaign was in Nepâl, where he was attached to the Staff

of the Quarter Master General of the Army, and he was employed in a similar capacity during the Mahratta war."

"Well, he has seen plenty of service, and I suppose comes out on grand occasions with the breast of his coat covered with decorations."

"Not one! his rank was not enough to allow of his admission to the Order of the Bath, and in those days it was not the fashion to give medals; now they seem likely to become as plentiful as blackberries: young Lovelace the A. D. C. is to have two for Affghanistan and Ghuznee."

"Did he do anything remarkable during the campaign?"

"Nothing; he served with his corps as a Subaltern, just what his uncle did at Seringapatam."

"Well, if that is not a crying shame, I never—but these matters will be set to rights ere long; go on; I am a bad listener, always interrupting you."

"During the Mahratta war, General Oldham had one of those escapes, which occasionally occur to officers on active service, and may be almost termed miraculous, certainly providential. He was out with the head of his department in the field reconnoitering; under cover of a small grove they had been observing through their glasses the enemy's position, and taking notes of it, fancying themselves all the while unperceived; on emerging however from their shelter, they found the straight line of retreat to camp cut off by a body of hostile horse, so numerous that it would have been madness to have attempted to force a passage through them with an escort consisting of only a Havildar's party of Cavalry, and a few Troopers of Irregular Horse; they therefore took a course, which, if continued in a direct line, would have led them close to the left flank of their own position.

"Moving off at a trot, they were prepared to see the enemy attempt to intercept them by a rapid movement, but were surprized to find that they only endeavoured to retain their place upon their flank. The mystery was soon solved; they had not gone half a mile, before they discovered a cloud of horsemen coming slowly down from the right, and gradually enclosing the space on both flanks, and to the rear, still strange to say, leaving an opening to the front, through which it appeared possible to make a successful dash. Putting their horses into a smart canter, they pressed forward towards a rising ground right before them, but before they could reach the summit, the heads of the tall spears of the Mahrattas were seen glancing above it.

The Officer in command was a gallant spirit; he halted his little party, gazed round upon the faces of the men, where, seeing resolusion written, he boldly gave the word to draw swords and advance. The two parties met almost on the crest of the ascent, when giving the order to charge, he launched his small troop upon the loose ranks of the foe, and burst through them like an arrow from a bow,—not however without leaving several of his gallant little band behind.

"Now came the hot pursuit, and they had to run the gauntlet through the best mounted of the foe, who dashed forward to intercept them. One by one their followers fell, cut off or overtaken, till at last Colonel Oldham, his

superior and the Havildar, who was better mounted than his companions, rode alone. The pursuit seemed to slacken, and they hoped the danger past, when suddenly they found themselves upon the edge of a broad nullah, many feet deep, and with lofty perpendicular banks: they were enclosed by a bend of the stream on two sides, on the third by foes: escape appeared hopeless.

"To turn back was certain death, to attempt to leap the nullah appeared equally so; a moment's consultation, and the two European Officers determined to make one more effort for life: turning back, they rode slowly towards the enemy, who came on equally slowly, with taunting cries as if wishing to prolong the bitterness of death. Having got about a hundred yards from the ravine, and about the same distance from their opponents, they suddenly wheeled their horses round, struck their spurs into their flanks, and urging them to full speed, dashed them at the yawning chasm; bravely did the English horses, on which the General and his brother Officer were mounted, charge the leap, landing themselves and riders safe on the other side. Gallantly too did the Havildar's little horse follow, but the bank crumbled under his hind feet, the rider threw himself upon the neck of the animal, they hung suspended for a few seconds. That was sufficient for the General, who had been watching the whole occurrence, and had pulled up his horse the instant he had cleared the leap; to urge him forward, seize the soldier by the collar, and drag him from his perilous position, was the work of a moment, the next and the disencumbered steed was struggling in the water, while his rider was running beside the charger of his preserver, whose chief was already far in advance. The Mahrattas, baulked of this last remnant of their prey, fired a few matchlock balls at the fugitives, all of the party whoever returned to camp.

"And what was the General's reward for saving the life of the soldier?"

"The mention of his name in a General Order, and the gratification which every one feels at having been able to aid a fellow-creature in distress."

"A Roman warrior would have been crowned with the civic crown in the Capitol; anything more about the General?"

"He has been a peace soldier since then; he rose in his department, and was at length obliged to resign his appointment on reaching the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding a Regiment for some ten years, a Brigade for five, and has been in command of this Division for two. Thus we bring him down to the present time, and proceed to his A. D. C., Ensign Lovelace, who being but newly hatched, is all fuss and feathers, like a young chicken. Tom Rasper swears he sleeps in his spurs, for that when he went earlier than usual one morning to look at Aunt Louisa's sick Arab, he found Lovelace asleep on a charpoy in the verandah, with his gold laced pantaloons, boots, and spurs on."

"But who is Aunt Louisa, and who is her Arab; what kind of an individual is he?"

I was on the point of explaining, but perceiving that Ludovick had really misapprehended my meaning, I thought it as well to humour his mistake, and replied—

"This Arab is a very beautiful creature, and Aunt Louisa makes quite a lion of him ; his complexion is brilliant, white as the unsunned snow."

"He can't be a true Arab ; they are a swarthy race."

"Indeed he is, for I had the pleasure of translating his pedigree for his mistress, and a precious tough job it was."

"Ha ! ha ! that is rich ; a servant with a pedigree !"

"Who ever said he was a servant ?"

"You did."

"Devil a bit."

"Then what are you talking about all this time ?"

"A horse, a milk-white Arab, of exceedingly high caste."

"What on earth has a horse to do with caste ? I thought that was an Hindoo institution."

"So it is ; but the Mussulmen in India, who are as ignorant of the Koran, as a Jew is of the New Testament, and as innocent of all knowledge of Arabic, as I am of High Dutch, have adopted the term, and we have foolishly done the same ; in the present instance I mean that the horse is of a very pure blood, descended, it is said, from the Prophet's famous mare : he was presented to the General by an Arab Merchant, with whom he has dealt for years past, and who, falling sick at this station three years back, received much kind attention from the General : the horse's pedigree is a yard long, and it took me a week to translate it."

"Never mind the horse's pedigree ! give me Aunt Louisa's ?"

"She is the General's youngest daughter ; the other two are married ; Aunt Louisa is not very youthful, that is, for an Indian spinster, and I am surprized that she should have continued so long unmarried, when there are forty thousand good reasons for her getting a husband."

"A thousandth part would, I should imagine, suffice, or even one good reason ; but what are they ?"

"Forty thousand rupees, which she will have on her wedding day, and I fancy she will get at least as much more when the General dies. There is a chance for you, Ludovick !"

"By Jove ! so there is ! Come, let me hear all about the fair lady, why do you call her "Aunt Louisa ?"

"Lovelace called her so when first he arrived : now single ladies do not admire being dubbed Aunt by young gentlemen with hair on their faces, and he has given up the practice ; but the soubriquet will stick to her as long as she remains Miss Oldham, so, like a good knight, and true, you should go to her relief."

"I must hear more regarding her first, and, what is more, see her."

"Louisa is the daughter of a Cashmerian woman, who resides in a small detached house in the General's compound. English ladies were rare in Bengal forty years ago, and the General, like too many of the Officers of that day, formed a connection with a beautiful Cashmerian. She became the mother of children, and he has never parted from her. Louisa shews her Asiatic extraction in her large dark eyes, and black hair. I will not however stop to describe her further than by saying, that she always reminds me of Byron's Dudu."

" A very beautiful creature to be reminded of! Forty thousand rupees! well, I must really think over the matter. The snow-white Arab would be greatly admired in Rotten Row; well, here is Aunt Louisa's health."

Saying which, Ludovick poured the remaining contents of a jug standing upon the teapoy at his elbow, into his tumbler, quaffed the generous liquor, drew a long breath, and smacked his lips in token of satisfaction.

" You do not make a bad brew Fitz; a squeeze more of lemon, a trifle less spice, and it would be undeniable."

" By which you of course mean that you are ready for another. I will keep an eye on you next time, for talking so much is dry work, and you certainly appear to consider the brew drinkable with all its faults : Khidmutgar!"

" Sahib!"

" Doosra bottle port shurab, nimboo, misree, gurrum mussalah, sub kooch juldee lao."

" Buhoot khoob, khodawund."

" Our khuburdar, ki panee kholtee howe, our tazu chilum lao."

" What an infernal jaw-breaking lingo that Hindostanee is!"

" Yes! nearly as barbarous as German."

" You be —— no, I won't swear; it is improper; and Dudu, I mean Aunt Louisa, would not approve of it. Come, quick with the brew; I must hear more about your station lions before I get too sleepy to listen."

" I rather think not; I hear the sound of wheels; Harry is home early; so we will discuss the grilled bones, instead of the " Folk at our Station."

" Supher tyar hie, Khodawund."

Good night, reader! Harry says he is hungry; can he really be in love then, think you?

REGLD. FITZ FULKE.

HOPE AND EXPERIENCE.

I.

God's earth is bright with sunny beams,
  Green trees, rich fruits, and blushing flowers,
There's music in the mountain streams,
  And holy rest in shady bowers.
The west wind murmurs o'er the mead,
  Waving the high grass to and fro—
Dallies with lily and with reed,
  And seems as if 'twere loth to go!
The soaring lark sublimely sings
  With distant note, distinct and clear,
While butterflies, with painted wings,
  Are gaily fluttering far and near.
O! look and listen! stay and muse!
  Of Nature's beauties drink thy fill,
And say, if mortal can refuse
  To deem this earth an Eden still?

II.

Ay, look and listen : in the bower,
 That nestles in the shady grove,
A maiden weeps the fatal hour
 Of broken faith and slighted love !
The murmuring wind bears accents wild
 From yonder cottage in the vale,
A widowed mother mourns her child,
 With constant tears and ceaseless wail !
And lo ! upon the distant plain,
 The sun's far darting beams reveal
The steady march of armed men,
 With banners bright and glittering steel.
Of Nature's beauties sing no more,
 The Serpent's trail is over all—
An Eden may have smiled of yore,
 But never, never *since* the Fall!

III.

Yet in the maid's unsullied breast,
 Pure truth unalterably dwells,
There darker passion ne'er shall rest
 To mar the tale her anguish tells.
The mourning mother's sorrow, too,
 Is holy as yon skies above,
Whither bright angels, fond and true,
 In mercy bear her little love.
And those fierce men who o'er the plain
 March onward slowly to the strife,
Will ne'er with crime their banners stain—
 They fight for freedom, home, and life !
Say not, then, Sin's destroying blight
 Is over everything below,
Since virtues still are shining bright,
 Like those that did in Eden glow !

IV.

Like those ! ah! weigh thy words again;
 In that fair garden all was pure,—
The body ne'er was racked with pain—
 The spirit's happiness was sure.
No falsehood vile, no fearful strife,
 No drear disease with venom'd breath
All, all was love, and light, and life—
 The world had tasted not of death.
But here, upon this varied scene,
 No joy unlinked with care we know,
And scarce a virtue but is kin
 To some proud vice or secret woe.
This is the doom that God hath willed,
 And this must be in patience borne
Until the sentence is fulfilled,
 And Eden's days *in truth* return !

T. J. A. S.

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

'Serene will be our days, and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."
Wordsworth.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VI.

Most of the morning was spent by Arthur in concocting an epistle to Mr. Lattimer, and it was sent off early in the afternoon. Old Mr. Chester was very much knocked up with his walk on the cliffs, so Arthur went out by himself, and, hiring a horse, galloped along the coast to Pevensey. A man in Arthur's circumstances rides with a loose rein, abstractedly, and occasional pieces of grass are got over at racing pace. Arthur accordingly rode after this fashion. And at Pevensey, amongst the ancient ruins, he lay an hour by the dial on the grass, looking up at the silent walls, and musing full of hope and anxiety. There, perhaps, on the same spot, had lain long since some youth in the antique garb of centuries gone by, and yet his heart beating with the same love, for the heart knows not the changing fashions of time. In the meantime his letter had reached Mr. Lattimer, and its contents had better be disclosed.

Hastings, July 18.

My dear Sir,—I arrived at this place yesterday, having just returned from Geneva. The reason of my coming was a wish to acquaint you with some circumstances which I feel I have done wrong in keeping so long concealed from you. On my last visit to this place, I was happy enough to receive some assurance that feelings of affection, which my intercourse with your family had engendered towards Miss Lattimer, your daughter, were not wholly unreturned. This was kept from your knowledge, merely in the fear, lest your unqualified refusal of permission should at once crush my—no, I may say the word—our hopes. But concealment is no longer proper. You are rich, my dear sir, Miss Lattimer is an heiress, and I know it is your wish, a natural and a worthy one, that by her the name and interest of your family should be advanced.

I cannot offer rank or station or influence. By birth a gentleman, and I may say of some education, as my Cambridge degree testifies for me, I look forward to entering that profession to which indeed society has thrown open all her doors freely and unexclusively, but which has little of what is called distinction to hold out in prospect to the ambitious : I mean of course—the Church. My uncle is one of the Judges, and through him perhaps a crown-living may be obtained for me, and that is the horizon of my career. To tell you that I think your

daughter would be happy with me, is more than I can venture to prophesy. To leave the comforts and advantages of her father's home, and to forget the possibilities of rank in a country-parsonage, is undoubtedly a trial for affection, a trial to which I do not think it would yield, but which you might believe would be triumphant. I will not burthen you with sentiment, but this much I must say. You have now seen a great deal of the world, but you can remember, I feel sure, before the busy days, the dreaming days when your fancy pourtrayed to you in her brightest colors, the girl you could love. From all I have heard from Miss Lattimer of her mother, and from the beautiful face she has shown me in a miniature, you were fortunate enough to find in Mrs. Lattimer, the ideal of your happiest imaginings. I too have had my dreams, and to me the memorable chance of meeting your daughter fulfilled the brightest, and I saw before me, in reality, the beloved phantom my hopes had created. Here I must leave the matter in your hands. I have Miss Lattimer's kind assurance that her feelings have undergone no change since our last meeting, and therefore I may add, that we both wait with deep anxiety your reply.

Believe me,

With great sincerity yours,

ARTHUR CHESTER.

With this letter open before him, Lattimer was sitting alone and silent, both hands in his pockets, and his feet stretched straight out, when the servant threw open the door, and announced "Lord Redgate." Lord Redgate was looking exceedingly blooming and bright, and a well-dressed man, with an easy, cheerful manner, has, all said and done, a good deal of presence about him. He immediately saw that all was not right.

"Are the ladies thinking of the boat this afternoon, Lattimer?" he began.

"No, I think not," replied the other, "there is no wind, and they will only be ill."

"My dear sir," said Lord Redgate, "there's a beautiful breeze sprung up; it's just the day for a sail."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Lattimer, "there's a beautiful breeze sprung up; it's just the day for a sail."

As this was spoken evidently without Mr. Lattimer knowing a word he was saying, there was a pause. At length Lattimer looked up with a strange expression, and said abruptly, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I never have kept any thing of the kind yet, but there is nothing like trying," replied the other.

"Well, then, read that," said Lattimer, putting Arthur's letter into his hand, and then getting up, hastily threw open the window, and asked an old woman who was passing, in a loud voice, what fish she had got. Lord Redgate turned perhaps a little pale when he first opened the letter, but quickly regaining his composure, he hastily perused its contents, and shutting it up, took it to Mr. Lattimer.

"It's a very nice letter, and written in a fine hand, but, my dear sir, you will get into great scrapes with the ladies, if you shew me such matters as these; you should lock them up in your writing desk."

This speech rather disconcerted Mr. Lattimer; Lord Redgate was preparing to leave the room.

"Where are you going, Lord Redgate?"

"Upstairs, to pay my respects to the ladies."

"But you are not going to speak about this," said Lattimer, holding up the letter.

"Gad, no—I should think I wasn't; get you into a pretty row if I did," replied the other, and he left the room laughing.

Lattimer was very much surprised: Lord Redgate's attentions indeed had been marked, and his wishes had been certainly understood, if not expressed; and yet he seemed perfectly indifferent about the contents of Arthur's letter.

The ladies would not go out boating, and so Lord Redgate went away.

After he was gone, Lattimer wrote him a note saying, "I am very sorry Eva did not inform you before of this foolish engagement, and I sincerely trust you are not offended at her conduct."

The answer was, "We can have the boats another day. I should like Miss Lattimer to hear you call her engagement a foolish one—why she would not come to-day because she was going to prayers at the Church. Tell her however, that I do not believe in the prayers, but I think she's in a rage at losing that pair of gloves to me yesterday; I am very much offended, and have just made a bad stroke in consequence."

This note was dated from the Billiard room, and headed by a jocose sketch in pen and ink, of a young gentleman and a young lady standing together, the former pointing to a boat one way, and the latter to a Church the other."

On its receipt Lattimer was still more confused and now much hurt. He did not answer Arthur's letter that day, but remained in a moody curious temper, and was very silent and abrupt at dinner, frequently looking at Eva, who, as she knew what was under consideration, had considerable difficulty in preserving an unmoved expression. Arthur in the meantime having come back from Pevensey, and finding no answer, spent a fitful evening of conjectures; sometimes soaring into high spirits from having argued himself into the belief that no news must be good news; then again sinking into sloughs of despond from fancying that deliberation in a case like his, would only strengthen disapproval. The next morning Mr. Lattimer sent for Eva, before breakfast: as soon as she came, he said in a harsh tone, without any preface, "Eva, if you do this, you cannot have the money."

"Dearest father," she said, "I am sure we shall not want the money; it is the produce of your own industry and labors, and therefore it is more especially at your own disposal. I can be happy without wealth. I would sooner be poor with him, than an heiress with any one else."

"Eva," said her father, getting up and kissing her with tears in his eyes, "you have disappointed me deeply; but never mind now, the plans of a lifetime are frustrated, and the hopes I had founded upon you have crumbled away. However regret is no use, if you will not marry whom I wish you to do," he added rather bitterly, "you may just as well marry the parson or any one else; you may marry the clerk or the sexton either for what I care." Eva was

disposed to burst into tears at the beginning of this speech, but the sneer at Arthur dried her eye in an instant, and brought the flush into her cheek. Lattimer saw she was hurt, and said, "Well, well, I will not say unkind things; go away, Eva dear, and I will write to this young gentleman." One odd thing about this brief conversation was, that father and daughter had never exactly mentioned what they were talking about, but had begun as if it was a topic they were always discussing: though they had never spoken of it before. About 11 o'clock Arthur received the following note from Mr. Lattimer.

My dear Sir,—I am a man of business, and I do not see why people should not be *straightforward* in all matters, love included; therefore I do not approve of your asking my daughter a question a year ago which I am to answer now. Miss Lattimer is an heiress, Mr. Chester will not be: we understand each other—*verbum suff.* If on receiving this hint, your views remain unaltered, I make no opposition to your coming and telling Eva so.

Yours truly,
Thomas Lattimer.

The poet Keats, in his 'Lavinia," has these lines:—

> "And then she whispered in such trembling tone,
> As those who safe together met alone,
> For the first time through many anguished days,
> Use other speech than looks."

* *

And so did Arthur and Eva meet for the first time after many desponding days, as openly betrothed, and so did they whisper long together brightly of the future, and with pleasurable sadness of the past.

The next day the old men were introduced to each other, and though as different as possible, got on very well, for Chester was slow to see any one's faults, and Lattimer was always attracted by graceful manners, partly perhaps from a sense of his own deficiencies in that respect. That evening all parties met at dinner at Mr. Lattimer's house; afterwards there was music, and mellow were the voices of Arthur and Eva as they joined together in a duet. Miss Hesther insisted upon a call: she wanted "that little mopish thing I like," and Eva sang alone to a simple air with a few sad little touches of minor in it, the following

BALLAD.

Oie Todten dauarn immar.

I.

She dwelt amidst the ruins
  Of former hopes and fears,
And prais'd the merry doings
  Of long departed years.
She said—the dead came round me,
  From grassy graves afar,
No griefs can now confound me,
  They have been and They are.

II.

To her no vow was plighted,
No tender words were said;
Her smile, her kiss was slighted,
But still remain'd the dead.
She lov'd those phantom faces,
And knew that they lov'd her,
Nor sigh'd for new embraces,
They had been and They were.

Miss Hesther was very funny about love matters; she had been perfectly taken by surprise the day before when Eva disclosed the proposed marriage; she was perfectly blind to all the symptoms of heart complaint; she had no diagnosis of love. Once indeed, not long after she came to live with her brother, she took it into her head, that as an aunt, it formed a part of her duties to keep a duenna look-out against lovers: so she tried to observe if Eva discovered a weakness for any one in particular, that a warning might be delivered: after careful watching, she at length thought she perceived a slight leaning towards the medical man, who, by the way, was a very quiet widower of five-and-forty; the gloominess of whose looks had lost him half his practice. Her caution to Eva "not to think of it," and her solemn assurance that "papa would never approve," were received with such convulsions of laughter on Eva's part, that the aunt had calmly sunk back into permanent blindness and negligence from that hour.

CHAPTER VII.

The moment Lattimer, in the curious impulse of the moment, put Arthur's letter into Lord Redgate's hand, the latter perceived that he should be placed in rather a foolish position. He felt that extreme unwillingness to lose the chance of a match which would at once have retrieved his fortunes had led him to forget his self-respect, and to put himself in circumstances unworthy of his usual circumspection and *savoir faire*. He saw in the glance of an eye, his only escape from all embarrassment: it was not a generous idea, but then perhaps a man of a generous mind would never have been exactly in the same position; it was to affect that he had never thought of Eva after his first offer. It was so far impossible to contradict this, that he certainly never had made any stated proposals the second time, but still neither Lattimer nor Eva had the least doubt in their minds as to what his wishes were. Lord Redgate's was a peculiar sort of character: he was exceedingly good humoured, but he had a passion for acquiring calmness and an apathy to emotion: the passion often requiring him to be a little heartless, and the apathy to seem more so. He would never do anything for a friend if it required him to appear anxious: he would meet his best friend after separation with the same calm cheerful smile which he bestowed on a morning

visitor. School-fellows at Eton had been delighted with him as a companion; he did everything well—boating and swimming and all athletic sports—but when a fellow was ill, Lord Redgate was not the least the sort of boy to do any of the little offices of the sick room for him, and these traits were soon found out, so that he had been admired and liked, but not loved. He did not therefore hesitate to take advantage of the present loophole to escape a dilemma, and having a plentiful stock of self-possession, made use of it very well. Lattimer called to see him, in the hope of being able to explain matters, but was met with so cheerful a flow of conversation on ordinary topics, that he had no opportunity of introducing what he came to talk about, and went away half doubting, whether he must not have mistaken the young Lord's intentions. Lord Redgate called also himself upon Eva, meeting her without the least embarrassment, was introduced to Arthur, and actually took him aside on leaving, to congratulate him on having won the affections of "an uncommon fine girl." Eva was naturally annoyed with this coolness, but after the first little wound was got over, it was obviously the most convenient to all parties that Lord Redgate had chosen to behave as he did. What seemed extraordinary was, that old Lattimer, though occasionally in odd bewildered humours, was more favourable to Arthur, and less vexed with all the circumstances which had occurred, than any one could have expected. All this was very well, and yet after the first joyful excitement of success, there fell a blank upon those who should have been most happy.

Eva was a little sorrowful and touched, that her father should have said, "You have disappointed me."

Arthur was rather chagrined at feeling that he was a bad match, and was asking a girl to thwart her father's wishes, and resign her fortune—having only to offer in compensation—himself: though the remembrance that this compensation *had* been deemed sufficient was of course soothing to—what we all have,—his vanity.

Old Chester, too, did not feel quite sure whether things were not going on too straight for the battle of life; there seemed so little necessity for self-reliance.

But the shade passed away; time did a little and love more; and old Chester hit upon a most fortunate thought for his own comfort that Eva was certainly fighting bravely in giving up the money, so that there was a struggle after all: though I believe the thought of the money never entered dear Eva's head.

When things were thus brightening, Lattimer suddenly proposed one morning, with a very cheerful air, that they should all go to Paris. This the more astonished them, as he was not fond of the Continent; in fact, had only been once "up the Rhine" with Eva; but all liked the plan except Miss Hesther, who perhaps looked forward to some little trouble with the French tongue, and had heard, moreover, that French beds were never aired, and French maid-servants very flighty. Old Chester decided too, that he would not go in person, but he was delighted that

Arthur should have an opportunity of visiting Paris. The Lattimers went up to London to prepare for the trip, and Arthur accompanied his father back to Lindenstowe, from whence he was to join the Lattimers, when they were ready. More distant plans were that Arthur was to enter the Church at the close of the year, and that all exertions were to be made through Mr. Chester's brother, and by Lattimer, to get him a living, and as soon as he obtained preferment, and was capable of holding it, the marriage was to take place.

All seemed so gentle and hushed when Arthur and Mr. Chester were seated again on the lawn at Lindenstowe on the evening of their return, that to Arthur the place looked sweeter than it had ever done before. When our hearts are happy, how keen the eye to detect the latent beauty and brightness in things around us! Martin and Mrs. Scrimshaw were of course there with their welcome. These two old people were comparatively new friends of Mr. Chester, but dear to him as reminding him of his oldest friend Dr. Beauchamp, a Norfolk clergyman. Let me pourtray thee for an instant, thou gentlest, if weakest of the human race! Oh the charities thou didst bestow! Oh the benefits thy heart swelled to perform! Oh the poor who blessed thy name! The very ruffians praised thee, for thou didst not stint even *them* their share. "Poor things," thou wouldst say, "if they are to suffer in the next world, it is hard that they should starve in this." Martin and the house-keeper were two spoiled servants of this tender heart, and were transferred from Norfolk to Lindenstowe, when Beauchamp, dying in Chester's arms, commended them to his charge. Martin had spent all his days in Dr. Beauchamp's service, with the exception of an æra in early life, where he had lived with one Mr. Roberts, a Merchant in Suffolk, and this period Martin always looked upon as having given him a complete knowledge of, and insight into, the world. The difficulty with Mrs. Scrimshaw was of a two-fold nature, first, who was Scrimshaw, and then did she sleep in the black silk bonnet: *au reste* she was exceedingly shy, and had a habit of talking on domestic matters from behind a half-opened door, so that a voice indeed was heard, but no woman was visible: finally, she was very red faced, not in the limited sense of red cheeks, but red forehead also and red chin.

Presently Mr. Flant, the parson of the village adjoining the cottage, called Yalton, came up to pay his respects. He was one of a class which has now almost disappeared. How he could have got into the Church with not a letter of Greek or a formula of theology, one does not know: but once in, and settled in a small village where Greek would have been of no use, and theology of little more, he did very well. He scolded the people when they were living badly; physicked them when they were ill with a few simples; farmed himself a little; dined with the farmers and the schoolmaster; very seldom gave a sermon atall on Sunday; and when he did, it was one of an old batch he bought years ago at Plymouth: but still in the whole he was hardly unsuited to the rude capacities and humble spiri-

tual wants of his parishioners, for he was of pure life and kindly disposition, and this secured him their respect.

Marquis, too, was on the lawn, you may be sure, first making violent circular excursions through the shrubs, and finally sitting down in a wild sort of way in front of the party.

A few days after Arthur's return to Lindenstowe, he received a letter in a well known hand, and with post mark, Geneva, which here follows :—

Geneva, August, 18—.

Glorious news ! Defeat of the Lords, triumph of the Commons ! yes, dear pal—but how came you to let more than ten days pass after your victory without a word to poor me. So that I literally heard the news from my brother George, no ready penman as you know ; he, by the way, seems to have no idea that Lord Redgate had ever been in the field. Well, many congratulations, my dear fellow ; I told my two companions the fact of love calling you away, and of your going to be married, in due course of time, as soon as I heard it for certain. Goodall said you were too young, at which Delafield was very indignant, and replied, " Too young to love—is he too young to live ?"

" No," said the instrument dirty enough, " not if he has got any thing to live on." Here the subject concluded for a time. Delafield was really very affectionate about you, and being shortly after taken with a pang of poetry, he shed some verses on your future lady—which he begs to insert here. He requested me to be particular about the capitals (it is æsthetical, you know, to use capitals) and to put them in just as he wrote them. You remember how elaborately he arranges his poetry : these lines were on faint blue paper, and written in his most beautiful hand, which indeed is always a beautiful one.

TO THE UNKNOWN LADY.

I have not seen Thee, Florimel, but Him
I know, Thy Loved, and I have loved him too ;
Therefore shall Fancy deck Thee with a wreath,
Pleasant Imagination trick Thee out
With woodbine and the blue forget-me-not ;
And Hope, like Iris, wind-heeled, Beautiful,
Shall trip before Thee, leaving in her track,
Foot-prints of many colored mingled hues,
To guide Thee on the Pilgrimage of Life.—

Claude Delafield, *Geneva.*

I told him the lady's name (I ventured to do so) was Eva and not Florimel, and he told me I had no soul for the ideal, so I got nothing by the suggestion. The Pollens are gone : before they went Sir Julian joined them. He is such a strange creature : he wears such dreamy clothes, and behaves in so absent a manner ! He has large eyes, and there seems to be a sort of shade thrown over them and the lower part of the forehead, which is rather striking. But he does not appear at all a superior person. What a difficult question that seems ; whether music appeals to, or is dependent

upon, the intellect. A poet of course must be all mind, a painter must have a very fine mind, need a musician have any? Tell me what you think on this. Now I will relate a conversation I had with him; I asked him (rather a stupid question) which continental country he liked best He said he preferred the Catholic to the Protestant countries, because more care was taken in the former with sacred music. A hint, dear Arthur, for you and me some day to see what we can do in this matter. Well then I said next, "Are not a great many of the leading performers Jews?" He looked at me for a moment as if to know why I asked—and then answered—yes—presently he added, "Oh! by the bye, you are going into the Church; you will have to preach probably about King David." I said "Very probably I might." "Well," he said, "I do not think you will make much of him." "Why not?" said I, "Why," he replied, "his Neginoth and Gittith are all very well, but without harmony after all; it could not have been any thing worth hearing."

I nearly laughed in his face; is not the utter predominence of one idea strange?

Well, we are hurrying our steps homeward soon. I have got a perfect portfolio of drawings which I hope will amuse my sisters. I long to introduce Mrs. Arthur Chester elect to them. I am sure they will all get on beautifully: Emily will, I think, be the favorite. My father is crazy about camphor just now: he has just got the idea from Raspail or some French physician, and it is to prevent all sorts of diseases. George writes me he is getting his guns ready, and that Harvey is trying to learn Spanish—is he not a very odd boy? Such a mere lad, with so great a passion for knowledge. Well, Delafield and Goodall are clamoring for dinner—so I must stop: they send best regards.

Believe me, as ever, yours,

Fred. Everett.

CHAPTER VIII.

At length the summons came to Arthur at Lindenstowe; the Lattimers and the party embarking at Folkestone, crossed to Boulogne, and thence to Paris. It was sometime before the season, and therefore everything was not at its brightest, but still Paris is never very dull—"*c'est un chaos*," to use Voltaire's words, "*c'est une presse dans laquelle tout le monde cherche le plaisir*,' and must we add at this day too, "*et où presque personne ne le trouve?*"

There is plenty to see in Paris, and of course the pleasure of every thing was enhanced doubly to Arthur by the company in which it was enjoyed.

Amongst the English families residing there, the Lattimers by chance got introduced to the Pollens, whom Fred. Everett has described, and who had come there from Switzerland. Lady Pollen proved quite as rattling as Fred. had said she was, and Norah quite as Chinese. Lattimer enjoyed himself exceedingly, and was in very high spirits: he was a great deal out by himself, and one day Arthur calling accidentally at the Pollens, was surprised to find Mr.

Lattimer there, and positively listening to a song which Norah was singing at the piano. The Pollens also dined several times at Lattimer's by his particular request.

At last, one morning Lattimer came into the room where Eva was sitting by herself, reading, and sat down near her without speaking: after a while he said with a half comical, shy expression, "I shall beat you now, Eva!"

"What do you mean, papa?" asked she, looking up.

"Why, my dear, I believe I shall better and worse it first," said he, laughing.

"I really do not understand you."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am thinking of marrying."

"What? papa," cried Eva, "impossible."

"Is it though," said her father, "surely you do not want to have the monopoly of marriage, do you?"

"But, papa, you never told—"

"No, no—why should I," he interrupted, "till all was settled."

"But who is the lady?"

"Who do you think?"

"I really cannot guess," said Eva, and she really could not, for the idea had never entered her head.

"Her name begins with P."

"What! Lady Pollen; oh, never!"

"No, no; not quite so bad as that: Miss Pollen would be a little nearer the mark—oh! fancy my marrying the old woman; ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lattimer seemed very much amused at this idea, but there would be some perhaps more disposed to sigh at thinking of how utterly inappropriate a husband he would be for poor little Norah. Eva was tearfully astonished by this announcement. It was a clue, however, though she did not immediately perceive it to be so, to part of Lattimer's conduct which may have seemed inexplicable—his easy acquiescence in Eva's marriage with Arthur. His long cherished scheme of marrying his daughter to some one of influence or title, in the hope of advancing his family in station, began to flag a little when he saw that she was a girl of great determination, and who would not marry any one she did not love, and sometime before Arthur came forward, though Lattimer still urged the Redgate match, he had began inwardly to meditate whether another scheme was not feasible. So that when Arthur did propose, though it was annoying, deeply annoying to Lattimer to give up any scheme he had in view, for he was very obstinate, still it at once decided him to adopt his new plan. And this, in short, was no other than to marry again, in hopes of a son. "I shall live, humanly speaking," he calculated, "twenty-five years longer," (he was then about five-and-fifty, so this was taking rather a favourable view of the chances of life) "and I may live to see my boy with my money in his hand, and such an education as I never had, in his head,—a rising man, just going into Parliament for any thing any body can tell." Part, of course, of this plan was, that Eva was not to have the money, as indeed he had fully warned her. Thoroughly bent now on the hopes of a second family, he dismissed Eva, not indeed from his affection, but from

his thoughts, as far as caring the least about what her career and prospects might be. The next question naturally was—the wife? With a whimsical, affectionate sort of memory for his first lady, he thought he should like to marry another French woman, and in this wish originated his plan of going to Paris. But when he got there, and was introduced to the Pollens, he thought, on second reflection, that they were just the people for him to form an alliance with, possessing, as they did, some influence from family connexion, and yet from narrow means anxious in any way to secure a wealthy relation. The old woman was much too glad to get hold of a man of Lattimer's property even to consult Norah on the subject of yes, or no, and indeed the poor girl, from an apathetic disposition, and a thoroughly heartless education, was very easily moulded to any plan. Sir Julian was a mere cypher in domestic matters, and acquiesced in any thing his mother proposed, if she would only leave him alone to his beautiful reverie of sound. Lattimer's courtship was odd and awkward, and rendered more so by Norah's waxen placidity; however the old woman danced round them, and by joking Lattimer and putting words into Norah's mouth—everything was at last settled. There was no occasion for any delay; the trousseau was soon provided in the city of milliners, and Lattimer ran over to London for a day or two with Sir Julian to manage about the papers, the Baronet having been crammed by his mother as to what points he was to look to; but her advice, I fear, passed long before they reached town, into Fugues and such like, and floated into the air. The marriage was performed in the most orthodox style by Bishop L., and the happy pair set off for the south of France. Eva went to live with the Pollens, who shortly after took her with them to Nice, where Lattimer and his wife had gone; and where the whole party were to winter. Arthur returned, when Eva and the Pollens left, to England, and once again in the quiet cottage, his stay at Paris seemed all like a charming vision of pictures and palaces, and theatres and music, and poetry and love.

A lifetime only contains one or two delightful occasions of this sort: they are soon over, and we return to the dead level of ordinary occupations; but happily for us what we have once enjoyed is permanently our's, and the merry days abide with us whilst recollection lasts.

CHAPTER IX.

Although I am drawing very near the conclusion of the first part of this narrative, I must ask the reader to imagine the lapse of a year and a half. To prevent confusion, I will here mention dates. Arthur Chester took orders in the winter of 1841-42, and priest's orders a year after. In the interim he had served as Deacon in a small Church in the city, so that he had frequent opportunities of being with the Lattimers. In 1842, the living of Gilston St. Mary's became vacant, and Arthur's uncle could have got him nominated, but he was not then a priest: how-

ever an old clergyman, curate of a village near Lindenstowe, consented to hold Gilston till Arthur was a priest, and then vacate. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1843, Arthur became the incumbent of Gilston. There was now therefore no obstacle to the marriage. In the time which had elapsed, Delafield and Frederick Emery had both passed respectable examinations, taken their degrees, and started in life. Delafield had got a clerkship in one of the Government offices, and Fred. having entered the Church, was settling as curate in a village near East Bourn, in Sussex.

Lord Redgate was going on badly in default of money; he was living expensively, chiefly in town, not mixing in high society, for of that indeed he had hardly ever seen anything, but to be met with on race-stands, in theatre saloons, or at gambling houses, with tolerable certainty.

It was now summer, and once again the Lattimers were at their favorite Hastings: Arthur also was there, and Mr. Chester, and even Martin and Marquis. The marriage was fixed for a week later than a day I have now to describe. To positively state that "coming events cast their shadows before" would savour of superstition. We do not calculate the many shadows after which no event comes, so that what seems supernatural may perhaps be accounted for by the laws of mere chance. However this may be, Arthur certainly called to mind afterwards, long afterwards, the peculiarity of the evening preceding this day. It was a hot stifling night: the sea was utterly hushed, and of a sombre color, from the black skirt of cloud which hung on the horizon. The sound of footsteps and voices in conversation at a distance seemed unnaturally clear in the gloomy silence of the elements. Every now and then, far out at sea, forks of fire fell out from the faintness of the horizon into the waters beneath. Arthur felt a most singular depression of mind, that utter faintness of spirits, thus beautifully described by Barry Cornwall:—

A deep and a mighty shadow—
Across my heart is thrown,
Like the cloud on a summer meadow,
When the Thunder-wind hath blown;
The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
The sweet-bird, Memory, flieth,
And leaveth me alone!

He was oppressed by an unbearable longing for gas-lighted rooms, wine, song, laughter, anything but this: and in a feverish state of this kind he went to bed. He remembered these things afterwards, nor could he dissociate from the omens of the day that the next morning when the thunder clouds had all broken up, and a great sea was dashing in, and a breeze blustering in his face, poor little Marquis, who had gone out with him, deafened by the waves, and heedlessly walking in the middle of the road, was killed. A butcher's cart was driving along, and Arthur, seeing the dog in the way, called out its name: the poor thing, hearing his familiar voice, but not seeing him at the moment, stood still, bewildered, and was crushed under the wheel. The death of a favourite dog is really a great nuisance; it is absolute grief; and yet you can neither expect sympathy, nor sooth yourself with lamentation. The only relief at the time is to be angry, and accordingly Arthur was furious with the butcher's boy, who, as he was looking the other way, and as dogs are gene-

rally supposed to be able to take care of themselves, was not the least in blame. Old Chester was quite cut up, and insisted on having the poor little carcase, with its startling glazed eyes, buried, which ceremony Martin performed in the enclosed garden of a square, not then finished, at St. Leonard's, where his bones remain unto this day.

About one o'clock, Arthur was sitting alone in the verandah of the house his father and he had taken, when a servant brought in a little note. It was Eva's hand-writing, but in the most wild and blotted characters. Arthur tore it open ; it ran thus : "Dearest Arthur,—Come, I beseech you, this instant to our house. Aunt Hesther will tell you all. I am too ill to write more. Your distracted Eva." Arthur flew to the Lattimer's house, and rushed into the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Lattimer were sitting out on the beach ; the room was empty. Presently in came Miss Hesther ; she was deadly pale ; she held a letter in her hand ; she mumbled out—"I have got a strange story to tell you, Mr. Chester, but you know that Eva made a kind of vow to him, you know, before he was dead." This was not very intelligible, as Miss Hesther perceived herself, so turning red, she continued,—"I really cannot explain matters, but read for yourself, and you will understand." Arthur seized the proffered letter ; it was written in a large rapid hand.

British Flag Tavern,
London Bridge.

Dearest Eva,—Have you forgotten a wretched cast-away of a fellow, called by such a fine name as Alban Hescott. After knocking about on rough seas, and starving on bare islands—here the poor devil is. Will my Uncle consent to see me : all this wind and sea-water ought to take out some of the old scores against me. Mine is a strange story, such as happens but to one of a thousand men. Ask your father if I may come and tell it you. I am staying in a tavern near London Bridge. Do you remember, Eva, how we parted, and what we said, or are you like the rest of them ? I suppose I must not expect the world to change its fashions for my particular benefit, and must put up with being—forgotten.

Your loving Cousin,
Alban Hescott.

June, 1843.

The reader will kindly remember that he and myself know more about Alban than poor Arthur did. He had only a faint glimmering of facts, through an imperfect story of the events, about a cousin which, as it ended in this cousin being drowned, was not one naturally that Arthur would take interest in as affecting his prospects.

Arthur, however, in an instant connected this rumour with the disclosures of the letter, and wove out a thread from them both. He looked wild and bewildered, Miss Hesther rushed in utter incapacity of further explanation from the room. A moment after the door opened, and Eva entered in. Arthur knew the step ; he dare not trust himself to look up. Had he, he would have seen that she was ashy pale ; there were blue lines beneath her eyes ; her white lips quivered. But a beautiful woe lay on her brow, and humbled her eye, and thus she walked in speechless—her black hair hanging in disordered tresses.

She came to the sofa and sat down by Arthur ; he put out his hand without turning his head, and so they remained for a few seconds silent. At last he looked her in the face and said, "Dearest Eva, what is all this?" She burst into a flood of relieving tears, and then in sobs, and scarcely articulate words, but still with the eloquence of sorrow, when pride has once removed its restraint, she related the whole story of how she was brought up with Alban and of their early love, and of how he was thought to have perished.

"What, what shall I do? dearest Arthur," she passionately exclaimed. "I cannot, dare not forsake him; by all that is holy in love, I am pledged to remember him? Arthur!" she said in a more settled voice, and disengaging herself from his arm, which was passed guardingly and affectionately round her, "I cannot, must not marry you: oh what shall we do," she added, "I hear Papa's step on the stairs." Poor girl, it was not left to her at that moment to decide how to act; for the feelings of the occasion were too heavy for woman's frame to bear; she sat down, saying she felt giddy and faint, and in a few seconds fell back gently on the cushions in a state of unconsciousness.

Eva in a swoon on the sofa: Arthur, the picture of despair, standing over her; an open letter lying on the carpet: this was the scene presented to Lattimer, and his little impassive wife, as they entered the room.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Fondly trusts the heart of youth
In breasts it kindred deems,
Fondly hopes in love and truth,
Oh! how sweet its dreams!

Sadly mourns the heart of youth,
Lonely and forsaken,
Vainly sighs o'er vanish'd truth,
Oh! how sad to waken!

Augustus Howard.

THE DYING DEIST.

[EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.—"Yes; it is true, poor G——— is dead, peace to his manes. He was one of the finest hearted beings that ever struggled with the difficulties of life, and at the same time probably one of the most unhappy. Generous and benevolent in the extreme, he walked upon the earth like an angel, shedding peace and happiness around him, wheresoever he went; and yet for all this, I fully believe that no man ever knew less peace than himself, or tasted less happiness than he did. Alas! he was cursed with a spirit of unbelief,—a spirit which, robbing him of all rest in this world, banished all certainty of another, and a better, from his aching breast. His was not the pride of intellect which deludes too many into rejecting the only thing which sheds a certain balm upon the wounded heart, amid the troubles and trials of life; with him it was the mistake (and ah! how dearly he paid for that error, these lines will show) of supposing that *Revelation*, if true, must be in strict accordance with *human* ideas of truth and justice.

The lines which I inclose, were found upon his table the morning of his death; they had evidently been written the night before, and though they contain much that I can neither agree with, or approve, they may yet do good by awakening some waverers to a sense of the miseries that those experience, who, through cherishing some darling error, cast away from them the blessed *assurance*, which religion, and religion alone, can give.

Poor G——— died, it is true, with a sort of *vague hope* (for he was in other respects a pure and holy man) that there *might be* a world beyond the tomb, where woe should not break in to steal his joys, nor the rust of remorse corrupt his happiness; but still he died "doubting and fearing much," whereas, had he bowed in humble meekness to the Christian faith, he would have passed away in holy gladness, like one who feels that his sorrows are over, and that, the weary fight fought out, he is about to receive the victor's amaranth wreath of everlasting happiness. But enough; let me

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

He *was* and he *is* not, should be his only epitaph.

G. AUGUSTUS HOWARD."]

I SIT upon the skirts of night; the day
Is fleeting fast—will soon have fled away;
Robed in the glowing hues which sunset sheds,
The landscape of the *Past* behind me spreads;
Before, a dark impenetrable gloom
Hangs o'er the portals of the opening tomb,
And hides—perhaps a *Future*, or, perchance,
Annihilation's cold, eternal trance.

I sit within the shadow of the grave,
No faith to soothe, no hope to cheer or save;

My eyes are tearless, but my faint soul weeps,
And thro' my worn mind, like a ghost, there creeps
A strange and fearful feeling, as I look
Around on Life and Nature's glorious book
So soon to close for *me*. The smiling earth
'Neath Spring's soft gales, refreshen'd in new birth,
Tells of a Summer which *I* may not see,
Of happy days, when *I*, have ceas'd to be.

Oh! the fair Earth, how wond'rous fair she seems,
When o'er her cheek our latest sunset streams!
How sweet her joys, by us scarce prized before,
How bright her charms, for us, alas! no more.
Her flower-deck'd mantle, and her perfum'd breath,
Her living landscapes, which the night of death
Ev'n now hangs brooding o'er.—How my dim eyes
Athwart the sullen mist, which herald flies
Of that dread comer, fix upon the scene,
Belov'd in vain, for *me*, it but hath been;
Bitter the thought, that 'tis but as we part,
We feel, O Earth! how beautiful thou art,
Instinct with life, and joy and endless youth,
Changeless, eternal as some glorious truth;
Our days, scarce heeded, pass away on thee,
Thy joys unpriz'd, thy charms unfelt; and we
But learn to love thee as we ought, the while
Thou don'st for us thy latest, sweetest smile—

Yes, thou *art* lovely, lovelier e'en than when
Thy myriad beauties blossom'd into ken
Of our young life; but tho' the parting grieve,
It is not *thee alone* we dread to leave:
Friends—much lov'd friends—to lose them all, and lie
An unlov'd clod, to rot and putrify,—
To know that they, with a few pitying tears,
Will close my grave, forget the love of years,
And, like a grim dream, chase me from their mind;
That, a few months roll'd on, the best will find
My name grate strangely on their ears, and hate
The sound that, ghost-like, tells them of their fate;
That a few years, and then my grave, worn down
By the world's tread, shall vanish, and earth own
No single trace of one whose heart beat high
With idle hopes of Immortality.

Are they all vain? *Is* life then but a dream—
Shadows of things which are not, only seem?

Hath virtue then no heritage on high ?
Is love a mortal, doom'd like *us*, to die ?
Oh ! must I leave *her*,—must I, *must* I go,
From all I love, to the dark grave below ?
Must I, whose head on beauty's bosom oft
Has lain, in the rank mould be pillow'd soft ;
And must the slim worm revel on the breast,
Where oft *she* lay, caressing and carest ;
And must the brain grow dull, and dim the eye,
And the heart beat not,—must I, *must* I die?
Yes, the dread writing glimmers on the wall ;
My hours are number'd, o'er me hangs the pall :
An unseen hand hath rung the noiseless knell,
Earth, life, friends, kindred, fare ye, fare ye well !

The seal is set upon me,—yes, I go
From life, from earth,—but *whither*—who shall show ?
Shall the mind live uninjur'd by the change
That disunites its home, and, bird-like, range
With kindred spirits thro' the realms of space ?
As the frame budding swells in youthful grace,
So the young mind grows stronger day by day :
When the frame weakens, then slow fade away
The mental powers, that streng-limb'd manhood knew :
When the frame dies, oh ! *can* the mind die too ?

The spirit's clayey temple is dissolv'd,
New forms of nature from its wreck evolv'd :
It hangs as dew-drops on the leafy trees,
It floats a vapour in the evening's breeze,
It blossoms in the rose on beauty's cheeks,
Glows in the grape, and in the thunder speaks,
In each new form, as wond'rous as the first,
But the fair bonds that bound it, all are burst.
And shall the mind change thus, and pass away,
To shed the bloom of life on other clay,
And live in countless shapes, yet still the same
In different harmonies of nature's frame,
(As notes that form some chord, when hush'd its strain,
Unchang'd themselves, in new chords sound again ?)
Ah ! who shall teach us, Death's alone the lore,
We feel it cannot *die*,—and know no more.

Oh ! happy they whose minds can find relief,
E'en in death's shadow, in some blind belief ;
Blest are the souls to whom kind nature gives
A trust, they know not why, a faith that lives

Bright and unchanging 'midst the gloom of death—
Alas! that *faith** should fly, at reason's breath!
As on some awful brink the traveller sleeps,
And, hid by night, fears not the unseen steeps,
So blind belief sits by the gulf of death,
And, hid by faith, fears not the grave beneath:
But let the sun arise, let reason speak,
Up fly the mists, the power of faith grows weak,
How trembles he, who late so calm repos'd,
When that dread gulf *beyond*, lies all disclos'd.

There *is* a Nemesis of Faith, and woe to them
Who *can* believe not,—they must stem,
All unassisted, the dread sea of doubt
That surges round the soul; they must wear out
In the vain yearnings after truth, their life,
And their strong souls, in ceaseless mental strife;
They must live on unpitied; who would share
Or soothe the unbeliever's bitter care?
Scorn'd and despis'd by each whose trusting breast,
Finds hope in Faith, or in Religion rest;
Doom'd o'er the *past*, when faith was theirs, to sigh,
And hate the *future*, with its dread "To die,"
Like some poor bark, the sport of winds and waves,
Doubting and fearing, pass they to their graves.
Such is their lot; and yet, tho' sad it be,
My heart, take courage, there *is* Hope for thee.
What, tho' no priestly tales may soothe thy fears,
No faith in creeds dry up thy starting tears?
Soldier of Life, remember, when he dies,
The brave man scorns a kerchief o'er his eyes!

What, tho' traditions, which thy fathers taught,
Of God, of Heaven, have no conviction wrought,
Look round on Nature, on the glorious whole,
Of things existing, search from pole to pole,
The heavens, the earth, the rainbow, and the flower;
Say, do not all bespeak a Maker's power?
What, tho' in *books*, *they* say, truth lies conceal'd,
Thou deem, by *nature*, that the truth's reveal'd;

* The error of this assertion scarcely requires to be pointed out; the fact being that it is naturally absurd to suppose that *superhuman* events should be reducible to *human laws*, or that the mind of *man* should be able fully to comprehend the workings of the spirit of *God*. To turn their own weapons on the Philosophers (?) of the so-called reason-school, it is only necessary to quote their own law, that the right or wrong of a question depends, not on any *particular result*, but on its *general effects*. Now as we can only know individual results of God's laws, it is obviously unfair to accuse or doubt that God (as these reasonists impiously do), because a particular result (e. g. the order for the indiscriminate massacre of a tribe) does not appear to coincide with the precepts of justice.—They know nothing of the general effects and this alone (setting aside many other, and I think better reasons) by their own admission, incapacitates them from deciding on the justice or injustice of the law, of which this measure was an isolated consequence.—A. H.

What, tho' thou leav'st the paths thy Fathers trod,
Wilt thou not say with them, "There *is* a God!"

What, tho' the written promises they show,
Of Future life, thy reason bids thee know,
As but the transcripts from some lofty mind,
Of what it crav'd for, meant to sooth mankind:
What, tho' the pages which *they* deem inspired,
Record for *thee*, but what man's heart desir'd:
Say! does not something whisper to thy soul,
That earth is but a part, and not the whole;
That as some lonely dove awhile may rest
Within a charnel house, when far its nest,
So dwells the soul on earth, a gentle thing,
That sorrowing, rests awhile its tir'd wing
Within a temple of decay, but form'd for flight
In regions, glorious with celestial light:

Oh! *can* its love of truth and virtue fade,
Earth yields that love small sphere, and was it made,
Scarce born, to die on Earth? Oh! can the doom
Of all its high aspirings be the Tomb?
No! the soul feels that in its love of truth,
There lies a changeless life, an endless youth;
Feels it was formed for love, and not for fear,
Formed to be happy—is it happy *here?*

Thus feels or hopes the soul, and tho' doubt lie,
(Like a dark cloud upon the western sky)
O'er death the sunset of our life, tho' fear
Goad the wrack'd *frame*, that feels *its* end is near,
Hope on my soul, in thine own self be brave,
Tho' there be terrors hanging o'er the grave;
Hope on in thine own immortality,
And *trust** in Him who made thee—Let me die!

* Poor G ——, he *refuses* to put faith in a revelation, the truth of which is supported by Internal as well as Historical evidence, but places it in that made by his own mind, (at best liable to error) and originating probably as much (if not more) in a desire that certain things *should* be true, as in any actual prescience of that truth.—A. H.

ÆGRI SOMNIA.

In the year 18— I lodged at a Tobacconist's near Covent Garden Market. *Why* I selected lodgings over a Tobacconist's I know not. But it is plain that if Tobacconists let lodgings, and are to eke out a living by so doing, some one must take them. I do not remember that they were cheap; I am sure I found it a hard task to pay their hire, and to discharge the "little bills" for sundries which were weekly submitted to me. The Latin Grammar says (in a quotation) *Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus:* and Pope—

"What riches give us let us then enquire,
Fire, meat, and clothes; what more? meat, clothes, and fire?"

But notwithstanding these wise saws I was poor. It is true that I *was* fed, but it was at a cheap dining house (clubs were not). I *had* clothes, but they were shabby; I *had* fires, but I spared my coals. I should have liked very well better clothes and more of them; better food, better dressed, with an accompaniment of cleaner knives, forks, spoons, and glasses, and waiter less greasy, and fellow feeders less monopolizers of what fire there was, and of the newspaper. What my business was in London, that, reader, is no business of yours. Perhaps I was an author; perhaps I was "a gentleman connected with the Press;" perhaps I studied the Law or Physic; no one ever talks of studying Divinity, for in modern times a Call saves a world of study, and is a great dispenser with the use of midnight oil. Whatever I did, I was not an idle man: though I lodged at a Tobacconist's, I never snuffed, and abhorred the fragrant weed, though used to the company of smokers from infancy. Now whether it was the close atmosphere which I daily breathed, or my want of regular exercise, or the greasy food of the cheap dining house, or the walking too soon afterwards; no matter, I say, the cause, but I became dyspeptic, and consulted the great queller of Lincolnshire farmers of that day, the renowned and dreaded A——y. After waiting in his awful ante-room a long while, it came to my turn to be admitted into the presence, when I was directed to peruse a certain page in a certain book. Upon meekly intimating to the great man that I had already frequently perused that page, I was told with more energy than politeness, and in language imputing to me the very reverse of wisdom, that he had never asserted that I had *not* read the work, and that if I read it again, even I might be the wiser for such perusal: at all events this was all he would tell me. A little disconcerted, I retired, and was moping in my lodgings with stomach distended like that of a cow that has eaten too much clover, when an acquaintance entered my room. He was a tall and handsome young man, but with a dissatisfied air, which spoke a constant sense of the world's ill usage; what the world owed him, I never precisely knew; but must do the world

the justice to say that if it sinned in this instance, it sinned in ignorance. His conversation, like a statist's speech in Parliament, was all "matter of fact," but always of a peculiar kind, and often assuming the form of a question:—"Well, the fact is this, how do you find yourself to-day?" or "Why, the fact is this, who can be well in a Tobacconist's shop?" In vain I hastened to assure him somewhat pettishly, that I did not live *in*; but *over* a Tobacconist's shop; and that the Tobacconist, with his wife and children, all enjoyed excellent health, his reply only was "The fact is this, you should go to Brighton, and consult Dr. Bagge." "But who is Doctor Bagge?" "Why good God, where have you lived?" "What?" cried I, "you but now twitted me with living in a Tobacconist's." "Well, the fact is this, Dr. Bagge is the only man in his profession that is worth a straw, and if I were dying to-morrow, I'd call him in, I'll be d—d if I didn't." What the precise value of a man who *is* worth a straw may be, I am not aware, and it occurred to me that calling in the Doctor might not necessarily avert the consequence my friend had imprecated. But I remained silent, and after a short time he took his hat and left me to my uneasy sensations,—to my tea, my headache, and my bed. I went to Brighton, and was no better; had been shampoo'd, I had bathed, I had done everything according to rule and advice, but grew no better. I know not how it was, but Dr. Bagge occurred to me; I will send for him directly, said I: I rang the bell, the servant came. "Run directly and bring Dr. Bagge to see me." She retreated in silence. In an amazingly short time the house was almost overthrown by a tremendous knocking at the door, which was presently opened and slammed to again with a force which seemed to shake the slight tenement to its foundations, making the ill-fitted windows rattle, and ring. A heavy step on the stairs; a sound of a stick regularly rammed down on each step of the ascent; my door was burst open, and the great Dr. Bagge stood before me. My awe was intense and so was my surprise. He was neither dressed in the fashion of the day nor of any one preceding period; a short, very square built man, not corpulent exactly but bulky, and of prodigious strength of build, very broad shouldered and very erect. He stood like a statue, and the pedestals were solid as that which they supported; his face was broad, his colour, that of a russet apple, his nostrils distended like those of a hard breathing horse. He wore a snuff-coloured, swallow-tailed coat, prodigiously ample in front, which looked like a compound of the fashions of the reigns of George 1st and George 4th. His knee breeches were of blue cloth, and with strings (not buckles) of green ribbon. His stockings were of blue-ribbed cotton; and he wore a waistcoat of black silk, with a white cravat, but no collar or frill. This figure stood motionless at the door, gazing on me, with a gold-headed cane pressed to its lips. Behind were too ruffianly looking fellows, with very much the air of resurrection men; one having a villainous scowl on his brow, and a deep scar upon his cheek; thin and hungry in mien, and vulture-like about his naked unsightly throat; the other was

a stout burly varlet, who bore a box of implements in his hand, while his companion flourished a sort of scourge, or cat-o'-nine-tails. For some time I was silent, but cried at last, "What does this mean?" "I understand," replied the Doctor, in a half-menacing and loud voice, "that you sent for me." "Yes," I murmured faintly, "I own I did so." "Aha!" cried he, "then I see no time is to be lost. Do your duty." In an instant his myrmidons had rushed forward; I flew to the poker, but, ere I could seize it, was seized myself, pinioned, placed on an overthrown chair, my arms tied, my clothes stripped off to the waist, and my head shaved; I could not cry for help, for I was gagged. When all this was done, which occupied an incredibly short time, he cried, "There is too much hot blood here; there is too much of the spirit of resistance: do your work, Gauger." Gauger did his work, and gave me three or four cuts with his scourge that almost seemed to cut me in two. "Take the gag from his mouth," said the Doctor, in a benevolent tone, "give him the relief of screams." It was done. "Why," asked I, "do you treat me thus?" "It is the way to bring you to your senses," shouted the Doctor. "I am not mad," cried I as loudly. "'Tis the song of you all," answered the Doctor; "not mad, you fool! then why did you send for me?" "Nay," said I, "that clinches the matter; I must indeed be mad." "Give it him, Gauger," roared the Doctor in a fury; but here I gave so violent a twist of the body to avoid his impending scourge, that I fell from the bed in which I had been lying, and awoke. There was no Brighton, no sea breeze,—the weed I smell was not sea-weed. I had been lying with my neck on the sharp edge of a board; Doctor Bagge, his myrmidons, and all the rest of it, had been nothing but—a sick man's dream.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Take hence the world!" Zeus, from his lofty station,
Proclaimed to man—"Take; it shall be your own:
Henceforth to you I yield its occupation,
Share it like brethren, I will reign alone."

Then might you see each sharing at his pleasure,
And settling in their places young and old;
The Farmer takes the fields with all their treasure,
The mounted Noble proudly sweeps the world.

The Merchant counts his generative riches,
The Abbot stipulates for choice of wine;
The King blockades the highways and the bridges,
And saith, "For verily, the toll is mine."

Long time after this sharing had been ended,
The Poet came from some remotest land;
O'er all the world his anxious gaze he bended,
And saw that all things owned some master's hand.

"Ah me!" he cried, "must I alone of all then
Forgotten be, thy most devoted son?"
Thus loud he dared to lift his voice and call then,
And bowed his head before the thunderer's throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou must be faring,"
(Calm spoke the God) "there lies no blame in me;
Where wert thou, then, when men the earth were sharing?"
Answered the Poet—"Lord, I was with thee."

Mine eye upon thy majesty was dwelling,
Upon thy Heaven's harmonies mine ear,
Forgive the heart that with that rapture swelling
Lost by neglect the earth he felt too near."

"What shall be done?" said Zeus, "The earth is given,
The Wood, the Tilth, the Mart, no more are mine,
Wilt thou for ever dwell with me in Heaven?
Come, for the gate will ope to touch of thine."

H. G. K.

Selections and Translations.

A WEEK IN PARIS, IN FEBRUARY, 1848.*

LETTER NO. I.

Paris, Feby. 21st, 1848.

THE obstinacy of the king or of his ministers—or of both—has brought on a crisis which can only be terminated by the disgrace of the one, or the downfal of both. I need not remind you that the worthy inhabitants of the ancient *Lutetia Parisiorum* have ever been noted for their independent and turbulent spirit; nor need I recall to your recollection the histories of the Sainte Ligue, of the Fronde, of the first great Revolution, or of the "glorious three days" of July 1830—not to mention a host of minor disturbances. This somewhat disorderly love of liberty and aversion to anything like autocratic power is not, however, altogether peculiar to the Parisians. The Franks generally, from the age of Clovis down to our own times, have ever and anon given striking proofs that their designation was no misnomer, though they seem rather to have venerated the idea, than to have possessed the reality of freedom. Moreover, it has always appeared to me that a Frenchman's notions of liberty are truly republican—I would say, democratical—that is, every one covets for himself the free exposition of his own opinions, but would coerce his neighbour to a similar profession of faith. Whence, you will ask, arises this intolerance? I answer unhesitatingly, that it arises from the peculiar characteristic of the Franks—from their vanity. And to wounded vanity do I ascribe the present perilous position of the Ministry. While it is undeniable that the venality, corruption, and unconstitutional conduct of those placed at the head of affairs, have tended in a great degree to alienate the minds of all right-thinking men—to a more trivial cause must be assigned the bitterness and personality exhibited in the attacks of the opposition. In the opening speech of the session an injudicious paragraph denounced the Reformists, or, as we would call them, the Demagogues, as "enemies or *blind*." This was an unpardonable affront. Inimical they might be, but blind! The idea was preposterous, and the Ministry who could devise, and the sovereign who could utter, such an opprobrious epithet, were equally to be regarded as laboring under mental derangement of a peculiarly malignant order. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. Hence the furious diatribes of the Marquis de Boissy and of M. Odilon-Barrot; hence the argumentative and financial opposition of M. Thiers; hence the smart sayings of M. Lamartine;

* These letters were written on the spot to a friend in England, and, although perfectly original, are now inserted among our Selections and Translations, at the particular request of the writer.—ED. S. M. M.

and hence the concerted yelping of the entire pack of Café frequenters, of Charivari readers, and of *ad captandum* scribblers. But not content with this insult to their understanding, M. Guizot went so far as to taunt the opposition with the inferiority of their numbers, and even insinuated that it was in the power of the Ministry to stifle all discussion by means of the immense majority that supported them. This was a deplorable imprudence, and the bravado will not readily be forgiven. By thus continually adding insult to injury, M. Guizot has succeeded in making himself the most unpopular minister that has held office since the fall of Prince Polignac. The greatest grievance of all remains to be told. For many months past Banquets have been given in the principal cities of the kingdom, at which certain inflammatory speeches were uttered, and toasts proposed not much to the honor of the powers that be. Not only was the king's health invariably omitted, but at Limoges Republicanism was tainted with profanity, and the name of Jesus Christ, the Chief of Republicans, was offered and received as a political toast. At last it was determined that a Reform Banquet—for their professed object is to obtain an electoral reform—should be celebrated in the very metropolis. This was bringing the pest too near to their own doors, and the Ministry now prepared to bring the struggle to an issue. It was officially announced that the Government refused its sanction to any public meetings of this description, and M. Hebert, the Minister of Justice, declared from his place, that if necessary, the armed force would be called upon to compel the due observance of a law of 1792, which every body had long regarded as obsolete. This law, however, was admirably adapted to answer the present purposes of the Government, and it was accordingly resolved to enforce it at all hazards. That a man of M. Guizot's experience and perspicacity of view should have decided on taking such a step, is most surprising. As long as he permitted the Demagogues to rant at their pleasure, there was no great danger of action. Well pleased to hear themselves speak, and not a little puffed up by the certain degree of after-dinner popularity they had acquired, these sage politicians would have been content to let things hold on the even tenor of their way, and would have never dreamed of converting their noisy bark into an envenomed bite. However *sic diis placuit*. The Government prohibited the celebration of any more Banquets for political purposes, and threatened to proceed judicially against all who should prove contumacious. Immediately, the electors of the Twelfth Arrondissement of Paris agreed that a Reform Banquet should be held on the 22nd of February at a convenient spot near the Champs Elysées, and invitations were sent to several Peers of France, the most violent members of the opposition, and the students—a numerous and influential body, remarkable for their intelligence, dissipation, and turbulence. Preparations have been made with much secrecy and dispatch, and a breakfast has been appointed for twelve o'clock to-morrow, at which will be present three Peers, fifty-four Deputies, and a host of students, electors, and busy-bodies, who are to assemble on the Place de la Madeleine, and march in procession up the Champs Elysées.

Since writing the above, a change has come over the spirit of the dream. The Government having notified their intention of putting down the meeting by extreme measures, if necessary, a deputation waited upon M. Odilon-Barrot to ascertain if he was prepared to persist at all risks. That prudent gentleman has declined to take upon himself the responsibility of the fearful consequences that might result from a collision between the people and the military. M. Lamartine, however, and some seventeen of his colleagues, lifted up their voices against this

cowardly abandonment—not of a Banquet,—but of a principle, and loudly protested against such pusillanimity. The people, too, are evidently disgusted with the poltroonery of the declamatory M. O. Barrot, and the utmost agitation pervades Paris. On the Boulevards large groups are formed, and the *modus operandi* on the morrow seems to be the subject of much anxious discussion. *Qui vivra, verra.*

LETTER NO. II.

Paris, February 22nd, 1851.

In my letter of yesterday I mentioned the general dissatisfaction that prevailed on account of the postponement of the long-talked-of Banquet, but I little expected that in the short space of four-and-twenty hours things would have taken so unfavorable a turn. About ten o'clock this morning some 200 cavalry of the Municipal Guard, the finest corps in the kingdom, trotted slowly up the Champs Elysées, and proceeded to the spot indicated as the probable scene of the proposed meeting. Excepting a few of the curious not a soul was visible, and they accordingly wheeled about and rode back again, amid the good-humored laughter of the by-standers. The streets were filled at an early hour, for even the sluggards were up by times and intent on enjoying a holiday. Besides which, the workshops and magazines were all closed, under the apprehension that the men might possess themselves of the implements of their daily occupation and convert them into formidable weapons of offence. This fear might possibly be well founded, but to myself this conduct appears extremely injudicious, for thus all the laboring population has been let loose at the very time that their attention ought to have been the most engaged. Double wages for the day would have thinned the streets, and spared much distress to the unoffending. Between ten and eleven a considerable number of workmen and idlers had collected on the Place de la Madeleine, but evidently without any fixed plan of action. Soon afterwards a procession of students, accompanied by a regular mob of the lowest class, arrived from the other side of the river, and began bawling out with more energy than harmony the *Marseillaise* and the *Chœur des Girondins*. Occasionally was heard a cry of *Vive la Réforme, à bas Guizot*, which was always the signal for a hearty laugh from the spectators. The Place de la Madeleine and the upper part of the Rue Royale were now occupied by a dense crowd, while from every window appeared a mass of human heads, seemingly much amused by the noisy demonstrations that were taking place in the street below them. A general movement became inevitable from the continued accession to their numbers, and like an avalanche forced from its position by its own weight, the people were slowly impelled towards the Place de la Concorde. Opposite to them stood the Chamber of Deputies, where, on that very day, M. Odilon Barrot was to demand the impeachment of the Ministers. By common consent, for most assuredly there was no leader, the rude mass moved across the Pont de la Concorde, and tearing down the rails in front of the palace, endeavored to force their way into the Chamber. Some few, indeed, succeeded, but the others were driven in confusion across the bridge by a brisk charge of cavalry under General Sebastiani, who arrived at a most opportune moment. Within half an hour afterwards the Place de la Concorde was occupied by an imposing force of Dragoons, Municipal Guards, and Infantry, and presented a strange and dazzling scene when the sun shone out on their burnished arms. The boys now began to pelt the military with stones, and it was found necessary to clear the ground

by repeated charges. Unhappily, the Municipal Guard exhibited but little forbearance, and frequently dashed in among peaceful groups of citizens in the most brutal manner. Thus was engendered a feeling of enmity between that gallant corps and the people, and on some occasions the National Guards stepped forward and loudly blamed the violent conduct of the Municipals.

I must now beg you to accompany me into the Chamber of Deputies. You probably expect to find them greatly excited, or at least anxiously devising some means of tranquillizing the people, and restoring stability to the Government. Not at all. The worthy Deputies are gravely discussing the merits and demerits of the Bordeaux Bank Bill—a measure of no intrinsic importance, and which could have been postponed another week, without the slightest detriment to the public weal. Towards the close of the sitting M. O. Barrot presented a paper to the President demanding the impeachment of M. Guizot and his colleagues, for having betrayed the honour and interests of France—for having violated the guarantees of liberty—for having pursued a systematic course of corruption, and so perverted the representation of the country—for having trafficked in ministerial appointments—for having ruined the finances of the State—for having despoiled the citizens of the right of meeting together, a right inherent in every free constitution, and particularly guaranteed by the Charter, by the laws, and by precedent—and finally for having adopted a line of policy diametrically opposed to the tendencies of the two revolutions consecrated by the blood of citizens.

But out of doors the progress of events was more rapid and exciting. The mob, harassed by the furious charges of the Municipal Guard, began to throw up barricades,—an operation which they performed with much skill and expedition. The first barricade formed was across the avenue of the Champs Elysées, and consisted of three lines, in one of which conspicuously figured an unfortunate omnibus that had been stopped and overturned, the horses of course being first taken out, and the passengers invited to alight with all imaginable politeness. Boughs of trees, stone benches torn up from their sockets, and the chairs usually let out to the frequenters of this beautiful promenade, were adroitly interwoven, and formed a very tolerable screen against the sudden onslaughts of the cavalry. The example was too good to be thrown away, and ere long similar barricades arose in different parts of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and in the cross streets that connect it with the upper half of the Champs Elysees. The guard house at the corner of the Rue de Ponthieu was set on fire, and some dozens of trees cut down between the Rond Point and the Arc de Triomphe; and here as well as in the Rue and Faubourg St. Honoré all the street lamps were smashed to atoms, though private lamps were universally respected. During the afternoon the shops were closed without exception, saving always the Marchands des Vins, who have reaped a productive harvest, and the appearance of the streets was singular in the extreme. Heads were peeping out of every window, and at each door stood a group of quidnuncs, gossiping with the Concierge, and ready to take shelter within the friendly *porte cochère,* as soon as the sonorous voice of the trumpets and the scampering of the people betokened a charge of the cavalry. As the day advanced, and no symptoms of tranquillity showed themselves, the respectable part of the community began to grow anxious, and looked forward to the darkness of the night with no small apprehension. There would be no moon to replace the broken lamps, and not a single police officer or *sergent de ville* was anywhere to be seen. At last, about five o'clock, drums were heard beating the *rappel* in every quarter of the town, and the National Guard turned out with alacrity to protect persons and property from

insult and outrage. But the mob evinced no disposition to plunder any thing but arms, and the only shops into which they broke were those of gunsmiths. In the evening indeed they pillaged some of the offices for collecting the Octroi, or Town duty, which, being levied on provisions, is peculiarly odious to the poor, and not very popular among the rich—and after possessing themselves of the receipts of the day, amounting to nearly 3,000 francs, set the offices on fire. Mischief seems to have been the predominant passion of the day, and in no case have I heard of any person being insulted, which is the more remarkable as no protection could have been afforded by the usual guardians of the public peace. And yet the riot of to-day has been no more than what we would call a police-riot, and such as would have been speedily put down by our London Police. In one respect, indeed, it has differed from an English row, and that is in the absence of any pillaging—though many of the rioters are in a state of utter destitution. The most active offenders have been the incorrigible *Gamins*, who appear to be a race peculiar to Paris. Varying from twelve to eighteen years of age, they combine the mischievous propensities of the boy with the strength and astuteness of the man. Unwashed and unshorn, they are singularly repulsive in outward appearance; nor is their poverty rendered interesting by an air of depression or suffering. On the contrary, their eye beams with malice, audacity, and acuteness, and their short, thick-set, hairy figures, plainly announce that their physical qualities are not deficient, whatever may be wanting in the moral. In short, they are Pucks of a larger growth, and bid fair to eclipse the deeds of that merry elf.

Every one asks why were not the Garde Nationale called out to-day? It is their peculiar duty to keep peace and order in the capital, and yet until five o'clock in the afternoon not a single division was on duty. The answer to this question is easily found. Louis Philippe, who owed his elevation to the throne to the support and good will of this influential body, has most imprudently contrived to make himself exceedingly unpopular among them. It is well known that they have long been the advocates of electoral reform, and for this reason the ministry feared to call them out. This apprehension was unfounded. There cannot be a doubt but that the National Guard would at once have checked the rioting, and prevented the construction of the barricades.. Composed of the most respectable citizens, professional men as well as tradespeople, it is their manifest interest to preserve tranquillity, and guard against any attempts upon life or property. At the same time it is probable that after suppressing these riots, they will make such a significant demonstration of their political opinions, that it will be no longer possible for the king to retain his present ministry—and assuredly some consideration is due to the deliberate opinions of 60,000 men, who are the true representatives of the popular feeling.

LETTER NO. III.

Paris, February 23rd, 1848.

The political horizon, that for a brief space seemed about to clear up, has again clouded over, and a fearful storm is at hand—but let us begin with the beginning. After consuming with fire the Octroi offices, as I mentioned in my letter of yesterday, the rioters vanished from the streets—whither, few know and still fewer care to know. Strong patrols of the National Guard and troops of the Line paraded the town, but the night passed over in the utmost tranquillity, broken only by the measured tread of the soldiers and the beating of the rain, as fitful gusts hurled it against windows and *volets*. At a

very early hour, however, of the morning might be seen men, women, and children, hurrying about from shop to shop, laying in ample stores for one or more days, according to the timidity of the good housewives. An air of anxiety marked every countenance, and by eleven o'clock almost every shop was closed, and while the females occupied the upper windows of the house, the door was again beset by a little knot of retailers of news—each one bringing some startling rumour or *fact* to swell the common budget, and then hastening on to another group with his growing stock of absurdities. The quarters of the town that were most disturbed yesterday have been tolerably quiet to-day, thanks to the good-tempered firmness of the National Guard. In the populous quarters, however, of St. Denis, St. Martin, and St. Antoine, the violence of the Municipal Guard has caused a loss of life, and it is said that five or six men of the people have been seriously wounded, while one was shot dead on the spot: one of the Municipals is also reported to have been killed. But very few arms were seen in the hands of the rioters, and these of the most inefficient description, if we except the muskets stolen from the gunsmiths, and those wrested from the soldiery posted at some of the guard-houses. The general feeling was in favor of the military, and loud cheers greeted them whenever they appeared in sight, occasionally mingled with fierce menaces against the Garde Municipale. During the entire day the Place de la Concorde was occupied by a formidable body of Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Municipal Guards, and Infantry, while the National Guard lined the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, and kept open the communication between the Chamber of Deputies and the Palace of the Tuileries. The Place du Carousel was also strictly guarded, and several pieces of artillery were pointed in the direction whence a mob might be expected to advance. But the people shewed no inclination to attack the military, and they on their part appeared quite as reluctant to enter upon hostilities. In the afternoon the Boulevards were crowded to excess, and an incessant bawling of the *Marseillaise* and the *Chœur des Girondins* served as a safety-valve to the pent-up patriotism of the mob. At times indeed were heard loud shouts of *Vive la Réforme!* which being re-echoed by the National Guards, produced a tremendous cheering, and *Vive la Garde Nationale!* resounded far and wide. As the crowd collected round the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, fierce cries of *A bas Guizot! Vive la Réforme!* rent the air, and as the soldiers on duty gently drove the mob before them at a walking pace, insidious cheers were heard, and *Vive la Ligne! Vivent les Cuirassiers!* were uttered by stentorian lungs, and evidently were not thrown away on the well-affected military. Altogether it was a curious and amusing scene to view that sea of heads moving to and fro—dashing furiously towards some one point, and then rushing back with equal force—at times roaring in fearful tones; and then would come a low murmur yet more terrible, and expressive of much intensity of feeling. Suddenly it became known that M. Guizot had resigned, and that the King had sent for Count Molé to form a liberal Ministry. The transition from discontent and menace to the most extravagant joy is altogether indescribable. Hands were clasped, hats thrown into the air, men flung themselves into each other's arms, and rays of gladness beamed on every countenance. *Vive la Réforme!* again and again rung around, and then came a feebler shout *Vive le roi!* but this died away amid laughter and sarcasm The glad tidings rapidly spread through every quarter of the town, and peace was at once established. But alas! this calm was destined to be of brief duration! About nine o'clock in the evening a dense crowd had assembled on the Boulevards, especially near the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but the utmost good-humour was displayed, and the majority were

on their way to their homes, singing somewhat vociferously but otherwise orderly enough. Opposite the Ministry they pressed rather close upon the military—it was indeed unavoidable, for the latter occupied two-thirds of the entire width of the street. The officer in command mistook the movement, and, imagining that the mob intended to disarm his men, in an evil moment gave the word to fire. So great, so closely-packed was the crowd, and so well-directed the volley, that above sixty men fell to the ground, either dead or severely wounded. A moment of panic and wild confusion ensued. Many were trampled under foot, and no one deemed himself safe until far removed from the fatal spot. Then arose a fearful cry for vengeance. They who but that instant had so tumultuously fled, now returned for the fallen, and bore the dead to the office of the *National*, and thence to the Place de la Bastille, where they lie exposed to the gaze of all. Few who heard it will ever forget that cry for blood which arose from the people as from one men. "*Vengeance! Aux armes! Nous sommes trahis! On assassine nos fréres!*" Such were the terrible sounds that spread wide dismay, and every one hastened to his home with a heavy heart, as he thought of what must happen on the morrow.

LETTER NO. IV.

Paris, February 24th, 1848.

The events I am about to relate are so extraordinary, and the time occupied by them so brief, that you will imagine I am endeavoring to rival the thousand and one nights of marvellous memory. Even I, the narrator, hardly know whether or not I am under the influence of a troubled dream, or a disordered imagination. Since this hour last night two ministries have fallen to the ground; an aged monarch has been forced to abdicate; his infant grandson accepted by the representatives of the people, has been refused by the people themselves; the Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved; two palaces have been sacked, and their splendid furniture committed to the flames; a royal dynasty has been overthrown, root and branch, and a Republic demanded; eighty thousand troops have laid down their arms at the command of an almost unarmed mob; the wealthiest individual in Europe has been glad to escape from the metropolis of his dominions in a one-horse shay; and he, who in the morning magnanimously offered a general amnesty to his rebellious subjects, was in the afternoon compelled to flee from his palace without even a change of linen. Such is the wondrous tale I have now to pen. Can you not now understand how eternity may be as a single day?

I resume my narrative from the moment of the fatal catastrophe that occurred opposite to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Notwithstanding the cold, the rain, and the darkness, of a stormy night, the people labored perseveringly to construct barricades, and to place themselves in a position to take a signal vengeance for what they deemed an act of treachery on the part of the King and his government. A terrible thing is the energy of a determined people. Silently and unceasingly their work progressed. Few or no arms were in their hands—*furor arma ministrat*—their most formidable weapon was their own unbending will, their own indomitable spirit. From the commencement of the Boulevard des Italiens to the Porte St. Denis, the barricades rose behind each other in stern defiance, and so strongly were they built that artillery alone could have made any impression upon them. The trees that lined the Boulevards were cut down and drawn across the street; carts, omnibuses, cabriolets, and vehicles of all descriptions were overturned; and finally a solid wall of paving stones was run up breast

high, and in some degree secured by the branches of the fallen trees. Owing to some strange neglect, or still stranger infatuation, not the slightest opposition was offered by the military during the progress of these works, and when the morning dawned, it was discovered that the cavalry could no longer act. The situation of the military indeed was any thing but enviable. Many of them had been under arms for nearly six-and-thirty hours, and their adversaries were their own relatives, with whom moreover they sympathised in opinions and feelings. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that they would have done their duty had there been any symptoms of firmness in their leaders. In no one instance did they exhibit any insubordination. When ordered to fire, they fired, when the word was given to charge, not a man reined in his horse, and finally when commanded to surrender their arms, they obeyed without a murmur. The fortune of the day would probably have been very different, had Marshal Bugeaud been allowed to retain the command of the troops. But his appointment was scarcely announced, before it was cancelled. Of his unpopularity among the people some idea may be formed from the saying attributed to him, with or without reason, "*Je mitraillerai la canaille d'une bonne manière.*" Though not a favorite with the troops, they had so long been accustomed to obey him in Algeria, and the determined inflexibility of his character was so well known, that they would have executed his orders mechanically, and a frightful carnage would have cemented the despotism of the throne. As it was, the soldiers left without a head speedily fraternized with the people, and scattered detachments of the Municipal Guard alone attempted to offer a resistance which their paucity of numbers rendered worse than useless.

So early as seven in the morning hostilities commenced in the neighbourhood of the Place Boyale, and a few on both sides were placed *hors de combat*—but the lukewarmness of the military and the want of fire-arms on the part of the people prevented any serious loss of life from taking place. A little after nine a rumor spread abroad that further concessions had been made, and that Messrs. Thiers and Odilon Barrot had been commanded to form a popular Ministry. In fact, Count Molé had informed the King at five o'clock A. M. (!) that he found it impossible to compose a cabinet suited to meet the exigencies of the case. His Majesty was therefore reduced to submit to necessity, and to accept a Ministry extremely obnoxious to his tastes. Orders were instantly despatched by General Lamoricière, the new Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard and of the department of the Seine, to suspend all firing; and the soldiers, reversing their muskets, slowly descended the Boulevards, amid the loud *vivats* of the mob. The National Guard, who closed the march, were greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering, and the people cordially mingled with them as they advanced towards the Church of the Magdalene. On arriving opposite M. Guizot's late residence, they were joined by the soldiers placed there on guard, but this important public building was saved from plunder and devastation by the prompt presence of mind of an officer of the Garde Nationale, who hastily posted at the gates one of his own corps, and a man taken at random from the people. The hint was readily understood and appreciated, and in a few seconds were traced in huge characters in chalk the magic words *Propriété Nationale* on one door, and on the other; *Hotel sous la sauvegarde du Peuple.* But even in the midst of these trying scenes the national love of ridicule peeped forth, and a wag attached to the entrance two boards bearing respectively the inscriptions *Boutique à louer* and *Grand appartement à louer presentiment.* On the outer wall appeared a terrible memento of last night's massacre: the words *à mort Guizot*

were written in letters of blood. A considerable number of the people here separated from the main body, and proceeded to the Rue de Clichy, where they liberated the prisoners confined for debt. In the meantime a procession was observed slowly advancing up the Boulevards, and making for the Rue St. Denis. It was composed of M. Odilon Barrot, accompanied by Horace Vernet, the celebrated historical painter, in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, and by several Deputies of ultra-radical principles. On reaching the great barricade that defended the entrance of the Rue St. Denis, M. Odilon-Barrot attempted to harangue the mob, but had hardly time to utter the words: "My good friends, our joint efforts have triumphed. We have re-conquered our liberty," when a loud murmur of dissent drowned his voice, and a man with much violent gesticulation shouted aloud.—"It is too late! We have been too often betrayed!" The crest-fallen demagogue discovered his mistake, and abruptly turning round, made his escape with all despatch. The people, though easily cajoled for a time, are possessed of sound good sense, and soon discover the difference between a true friend and a vain, egotistical, interested declaimer. On Monday, M. Odilon Barrot had the game in his own hands. Had he persisted in holding the Banquet, he would have been the idol of the day, but his vacillation has brought upon him the contempt and distrust of all parties.

Up to this moment no lips had uttered the great purpose of the people, but a secret and mysterious understanding seemed to thrill through them. They thought and felt as one man, and needed no outward symbols to communicate their mutual wishes. But the appearance and conciliatory words of M. Odilon Barrot acted as a spark on a well-laid train. It was now time to declare their intentions, and one universal shout arose—*Aux Tuileries!*—not more ominous or sure was the writing on the wall, than that fierce and sudden cry—it was the death knell of the monarchy—and the dormant strength of the people was about to be developed in all its terrible energy, as the huge giant shaking off the lethargy of habit and prejudice arose in all the retributive majesty of an angry and injured people. It was now too late to bar their passage. The irresistible torrent poured on regardless of the puny efforts of a handful of the Municipal Guard, and momentarily swelling by the continued accession of armed men, who were hastening by a common impulse to join their brethren, after attacking the barracks and seizing upon the arms of the soldiery. It must be confessed, indeed, that the latter operation was by no means a difficult one, for officers of approved valour were seen to surrender their swords at the first summons to the unarmed black-guards who demanded them.

About noon, a desperate attack was made upon the guard house in the corner of the Place de la Concorde, and four or five of the Garde Municipale were slain outright. An attempt was also made to carry the Ministère des Finances in the Rue de Rivoli, but the soldiers retreated within the gates, and the mob dared not to assail them in so strong a position. The Ministère de la Marine was unmolested throughout the day, for a rude inscription besought the people to respect the brave Mariners, and their wives and families, whose papers were deposited in this edifice.

In the meanwhile the great mass of the people had arrived on the open space in front of the Palais Royal, and resolved to make themselves masters of the guard-house before continuing their march upon the Palace of the Tuileries, so as not to leave in the hands of the Military a stronghold which threatened the rear of the advancing column. This post was occupied by a company of the 14th Regiment of the line, the same that had fired on the people the previous evening, and by some

twenty-five men of the Garde Municipale. These gallant fellows refused to deliver up their arms, or to listen to any terms, and, as the people pressed upon them, they even fired a well-directed volley, which speedily cleared the space in front of them. The conflict lasted above two hours. National Guards and the armed men, mingled indiscriminately together, placed themselves at the corners of the adjoining streets and in the Cour d'Honneur of the Palais Royal, whence they kept up an incessant and galling fire. In the middle of the fray, General Lamoricière galloped into the open space and called upon the soldiers to suspend hostilities, but all in vain: and the General, being wounded in the hand, returned to the Tuileries. At last, the royal carriages were brought out from the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre into the Place du Palais Royal, and there set on fire. Advancing up to this new defence, the mob succeeded in firing the guardhouse, and thus compelled its gallant defenders to evacuate a post they had so bravely maintained against overwhelming numbers. Inflamed by the ardor of the combat, the people seemed disposed to make a terrible use of their victory, and one man was heard to exclaim: "*Ils ont tué mon frère: il faut que je tue quelqu'un.*" "*Si tu tues quelqu'un,*" replied a National Guard, "*ce sera ton frère aussi.*" This noble answer instantly allayed the vengeful spirit of the people, and with a glad shout they rushed on to the Place du Carousel. But the struggle was already decided. There was no longer a King. The people was supreme.

By noon despair had seized upon the inmates of the palace. The generals occupied the waiting rooms, silent and depressed. No one could devise a remedy for the growing evil. No one had the courage to counsel energy and action. The barricades and the determined conduct of the people, supported by their National Guards, had paralysed the stoutest hearts. Messrs. Thiers, Dupin, Odillon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Emile de Girardin, and a few other Deputies arrived in quick succession, and besought the King to abdicate in favor of his grandson ere yet it was too late. It was long before Louis Philippe could be induced to sign the humiliating act, but there was evidently no alternative. At one o'clock the following proclamation was posted up: "Citizens! Abdication of the King. Regency of the Duchess of Orleans. Dissolution of the Chamber. General Amnesty." By this time the people had spread over the Place du Carousel, and several legions of the National Guard completely hemmed in the Palace. Within the railed court of the Tuileries there still remained nearly 3000 troops of all arms, besides some pieces of Artillery. The day was not yet lost. But the Duke de Nemours preferred the humane alternative (I use a gentle epithet, for the Prince "is fallen from his high estate") and the soldiery defiled out of the Court on to the Quay. The Duke and his Staff hastily passed through the vestibule of the palace, and made their horses descend the steps. In a few minutes more the people were in the Tuileries, and nearly at the same instant the gate at the bottom of the Rue de Castiglione was forced open, and another division of the mob rushed into the garden.

The King and Queen had fortunately escaped before this irruption took place. The former wore a black coat without any decorations, and a plain round hat, while the latter was dressed in deep mourning. A feeble escort of two hundred horsemen, arrayed in different uniforms, surrounded the unfortunate couple, and screened them in some degree from the painful gaze of the public. Louis Phillippe walked with downcast looks and unsteady step, but the Queen walked erect and calm, casting a cold, proud glance at the inquisitive and prying mob. It was supposed that they were proceeding to the Chamber of Deputies to deposit the act of abdication, but on arriving on the Place de la Concorde,

near the spot where Marie Antoinette was guillotined, the King suddenly stopped, raised his hat in the air, and pronounced something which no one heard, on account of the noise and confusion that prevailed. So dreadful was the pressure of the crowd, that the escort found it impossible to keep their ranks, and an officer, alarmed for the personal safety of the King, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, spare the King!" "Are we assassins," replied a loud voice, "let him be off!" "Yes! yes!" echoed the mob, "let him be off! let him be off!" Two small hired vehicles, each drawn by one horse, were stationed at hand. Into one of them the King and Queen hastily mounted, while the other was taken by two ladies who accompanied them. In a few minutes they were out of sight, galloping furiously towards St. Cloud, and guarded by their devoted escort.

While the heads of the Royal family were thus making their very undignified escape, the Duchess of Orleans, attended by the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, conducted her two infant children into the Chamber of Deputies. Leading them by the hand, she took her station in the front of the semicircle beneath the President. But at this moment a body of armed men forced themselves into the tribunes, and appeared disposed to interfere with the deliberations of the Chamber. The Duchess accordingly rose from her seat, and led her children to the back of the Deputies' benches, but still directly facing the President. M. Dupin then ascended the tribune and announced the abdication of Louis Phillippe in favor of the young Count of Paris, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans. This announcement was greeted with cheers from the conservative benches, but with tremendous uproar from the radical benches and from the tribunes. As soon as he could obtain a hearing, M. Marie suggested the expediency of appointing a provisional Government, until the regency Bill could be amended, because an existing law had appointed the Duke of Nemours to that office. The same view of the case was taken by M. Cremieux, who further professed the utmost respect for all the members of the Royal family. Loud applause accompanied this speech, at the conclusion of which M. Odilon Barrot forcibly addressed the Chamber in favor of the young Prince, contending that the revolution of July had definitively settled the question as to the form of Government, and calling upon all parties to unite in saving France from the horrors of a civil war. The agitation was every moment increasing. A mingled and motley crew of National Guards, students, artizans and armed blackguards, dressed in the most fantastic costumes, taken from the wardrobes of the palace, now rushed into the Chamber, and forced their way to the open space in front of the seats. The conservative benches were instanly vacated, and their late occupants flocked tumultuously to the upper seats. Tremendous shouts pealed though the house, among which might be distinguished the ominous words, *La déchéance! La déchéance!* The uproar was really frightful, but the Duchess sat unmoved, though many an anxious glance was directed towards the royal group; and the President, putting on his hat, declared the sitting to be suspended. A M. Chevalier, formerly editor of the *Bibliothèque Historique*, forcibly ascended the tribune, and besought the Duchess to proceed along the Boulevards with her son, in order that the people, by their acclamations, might signify their consent or their refusal to be governed by a minor and a regent. Again a fresh influx of armed people burst into the Chamber, seated themselves on such benches as were still unoccupied, and even pointed their muskets at the President and the more obnoxious of the Deputies. The latter hastily retired from the hall, and even the Duchess, yielding to the solicitations of the mixed crowd that surrounded her, slowly withdrew with her two children,

whose bright prospects were thus early obscured. Fortunately a vehicle was standing in the court of the President's house, and in this she escaped to the Hotel des Invalides, where the dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, consulting their common safety, separated from their royal sister, and are supposed to have assumed some convenient disguise. The confusion in the Chamber was in the meantime at its height. Arms were franticly brandished in the air. A perfect Babel of discordant cries interrupted or overpowered the voices of even their favorite orators. A more outrageous scene could scarcely have been witnessed in the first great Revolution. Many of the people were partially intoxicated, and others had not yet laid aside the savage ferocity excited by the obstinate defence of the guard house in the Place du Palais Royal, while others again exhibited a ludicrous combination of vanity of attire, and fierce exultation. Blouses and dragoon helmets, shakos and seedy surtouts constituted their inharmonious costume, and arms of all denominations gleamed in the air. Sabre and lance, rapier and musket, poniard and fowling piece, pistols and bludgeons, confusedly mingled together, and gave a wild picturesqueness to a scene, which otherwise would have been replete with horror alone. A citizen in the costume of an officer of the National Guard ascended the tribune, and laid upon the marble the staff of a tricolor flag. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "the people has this day recovered its liberty and independence as in 1830. The throne at the Tuileries is demolished, and thrown out of the window." This, by the way, was not strictly true, but the mob loudly applauded, and cries rent the air of—*A bas les Bourbons! Plus de traitres—Un gouvernement provisoire immédiatement!* As soon as order was partially re-established by every one calling out *Silence!* at the same moment M. Ledru Rollin addressed the Chamber with much vehemence, and declared that no regency could justly be appointed without an appeal to the country, and concluded by demanding a provisional government named by the people themselves, and the immediate convocation of a National Assembly to settle a definitive form of government. To him succeeded M. de Lamartine, who commenced his eloquent harangue by professing his sympathy for the august princess who, with her innocent child, had hastened from her deserted palace to throw herself under the protection of the representatives of the people. But yet greater than the emotion thus inspired was the admiration he felt for that noble people, who had so gloriously combated to establish on an immovable foundation the empire of order, the empire of liberty. At the same time he could not deceive himself into the belief that a permanent government for thirty-five millions of men could be regulated by the impulse or the acclamations of a moment of excitement. A popular, stable, and sound government can only be obtained by an appeal to the country, and in the meanwhile a provisional government is absolutely necessary to prevent civil war, to staunch the effusion of blood, and to calm the angry feelings of fellow-citizens, as well as to prepare the way for a general convocation of the entire people. The tumult that for a time had subsided, now burst forth with tenfold fury. Some shouting one thing, some another. The President, finding it impossible to command silence, now quitted the chair, after declaring the sitting to be terminated, and retired from the Chamber accompanied by all the remaining Deputies, except a few on the radical benches. It is almost impossible to describe what followed. M. Dupont de l'Eure, an octogenarian, was called to the chair, and a thousand fruitless efforts were made to read the names of the proposed members of the provisional government. At last, at the suggestion of M. Ledru Rollin, it was agreed to adjourn to the Hôtel de Ville, as the true seat of government. Amid enthusiastic

cries of—*Vive la République! Vive Lamartine! Vive Ledru Rollin!* the mass poured forth from the Chamber, which was speedily abandoned to a silence singularly contrasting with the late uproar. Before the crowd had entirely withdrawn, some one called attention to the painting behind the President's chair, representing Louis Philippe swearing fidelity to the charter. Instantly a number of men ran up the steps to destroy it with sword and lance, when a workman called out, "Stay a moment! I am going to have a shot at Louis Philippe!" and discharged both barrels of a fowling piece he held in his hands. The work of destruction would speedily have been completed, had not an artizan mounted the tribune, and with a loud voice called upon his comrades to respect national monuments, and to spare national property. "We have shown," he continued, "that the people will not submit to be mis-governed; let us now show that the people can do honor to their own victory."

A little after four o'clock the Chamber of Deputies was entirely deserted, and one of the most eventful scenes in history had drawn to a close Shortly afterwards the walls of Paris were covered with placards announcing the formation of a provisional government composed of the following members: Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Cremieux, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pages, Marie, and Fr. Arago; with Louis Blanc, Armand-Marrast, Ferdinand Flocon, and Albert, for secretaries.

While the fall of the monarchy and the institution of a Republic were thus being consummated, the insignia and residence of royalty escaped not the rude hands of the despoilers. After firing the guard-house known as the Chateau d' Eau, the victors rushed into the Palais Royal, smashing the magnificent mirrors, hacking and hewing with their sabres the rich hangings and not a few choice paintings, and throwing out of the windows the valuable and costly furniture, which being piled up into an immense heap in the inner court was ruthlessly consumed to ashes. Among the objects that attracted the most notice was the identical chair on which Louis Philippe sat for the first time as King. Books superbly bound and of inestimable value to the curious, were mercilessly committed to the flames, together with huge bundles of papers, drawings, and many treasures of art. While these Vandals were thus wreaking their barbarous revenge on the Palais Royal, another horde had made a violent irruption into the Palace of the Tuileries. At first, they contented themselves with parading through the various suites of apartments, singing, shouting, and laughing, like demons at the triumph of brute force. A bust of Louis Philippe indeed, was somewhat unceremoniously ejected from an upper window into the Rue de Rivoli, where a mischievous *gamin* demolished his nose, and the throne, after receiving several mud-besmeared occupants, was carried in procession through the streets to the Place de la Bastille, and there burnt at the foot of the column of July. But as the intoxication of success gave place to the intoxication of strong wines—which the royal cellars liberally afforded to their new proprietors—and as gratified curiosity was succeeded by barbarous disdain,—the late residence of an almost despotic King became the scene of the most frightful excesses. A huge bonfire was kindled in the Place du Carousel, into which was flung whatever first came to hand, while the most wanton spirit of devastation reduced to fragments that which the flames seemed disposed to spare. And yet the most scrupulous probity was preserved. A box of jewelry found in the Queen's apartment was instantly conveyed to the Mairie of the third Arrondissement, and men of the people stationed at the different doors searched every one passing out. Death, instant death, was the punishment of the robber, and few indeed were the ob-

jects purloined, though many of the victors had not broken their fast that day, nor knew where to find means for buying a morsel of bread. Viewed in this light the conduct of the Parisian mob has been exemplary. No insult to private persons, no injury to their property, has stained the annals of these three memorable days; on the contrary, the utmost politeness and moderation have hitherto been observed. Towards the latter part of the afternoon, indeed, it became unpleasant to traverse the streets in consequence of the incessant firing off of guns, and the advanced stage of intoxication at which many had arrived, and who from this cause carried their arms in anything but a soldierly manner, but even then the only danger would have been accidental. The costume of these heroes was often ludicrous in the extreme. The wardrobes at the Palace had been rifled, and their contents now adorned the persons of as hideous a populace as may anywhere be found, and contrasted strangely with the spoils gathered from the barracks and the disarmed soldiery. Here reeled a man with a dragoon's helmet on his head, a musket in his hand, and an embroidered coat upon his back. There stalked another, sabre in hand, with a bell rope for a sash, and artificial flowers in his foraging cap. A third staggered along, bearing a rich ball dress on the point of his bayonet, an Aide-de-Camp's cocked hat on his head, and muslin curtains rolled round his tattered blouse, while a fourth, wearing the Royal livery on his back, a shako, huge as the famed helmet of the castle of Otranto, and a pistol stuck in an *extempore* belt, gravely stood on guard, and fancied himself a man, though his sixteenth year had not yet dawned, or the shade fallen on his upper lip. These urchins, in truth, bore themselves with marvellous gallantry under the hottest fire, and rivalled the most daring of the combatants in cool audacity. In one instance a detachment of infantry was about to fire on the defenders of a barricade, when a mere boy, snatching the national colors from the hands of a bystander, scrambled on to the top of the barricade, and winding the flag around him, cried out with a clear voice—"It is the banner of France—fire, if you dare." Another made himself very conspicuous in the attack on the guard house in the Place du Palais Royal. Wounded in the shoulder, and armed only with a sword, he stood in advance of the people, encouraging them by voice and gesture, and seemingly insensible to the danger of his position, or the agony of his wound. During this attack much true courage was exhibited in removing the wounded immediately from the spot to the Gallérie Vitrée, which had been hastily converted into an hospital, and where the utmost attention was lavished upon the sufferers. But however remarkable may have been the intrepidity of these young rogues, nothing could surpass the soldierly bearing of the National Guards, unless it were their humanity and forbearance. Wherever the danger was most imminent, they were sure to be found in the foremost rank, cool and collected—and when victory crowned their efforts, they were still the first to protect the vanquished, and frequently, at much personal risk, mediated between the people and their trembling victims. To their active generosity must be attributed the lives of the Municipal Guard, who otherwise would have fallen a sacrifice to the popular vengeance.

While the National Guards and the people distinguished themselves by their determined valour, the troops of the line exhibited the utmost irresolution and an utter want of soldierly feeling. Admitting that their sympathy for the popular cause might prevent their acting with much energy, surely nothing can excuse the prompt surrender of their arms to a mob of boys and vagabonds. With the exception of the 44th Foot, who so gallantly maintained themselves in the Chateau d'Eau against a host of enemies, the

80,000 troops who occupied Paris proved worse than useless, for they supplied the rabble with those very arms that had been entrusted to the custody of their honor and courage. The people themselves appeared to regard them with a degree of contempt, for in the afternoon the greater part of the soldiers were marched out of the town without arms, and guarded or escorted by some half dozen men of the mob. It was a piteous sight, and the heart of many an officer must have bled at the very thought of the indignity he had brought upon himself.

At this hour the streets are tranquil. Patrols of National Guards and the people traverse the town in all directions. With the exception of constant *feux de joie*, and the incessant *Marseillaise* of drunken patriots, not a sound is to be heard indicative of the wonderful change that has been effected in a few hours.

It appears to me very questionable whether the National Guard would have co-operated so zealously with the people, could they have foreseen the extinction of monarchical power. Circumstances drew them on farther than they at first anticipated or wished. Their real and final object was the downfal of an odious ministry, but when the unfortunate affair of Wednesday night inflamed the minds of all men, and created a feeling of distrust towards the King—whom some suspected of being by no means averse to a collision between the soldiers and the people—the abdication of Louis Philippe became talked of as a desirable contingency. Few, very few, are really in favor of a republic, except the idle vagabonds who have nothing to lose, and the handful of seditious demagogues, mostly men of broken fortunes and dissolute lives, who hope to profit by a commotion. The National Guard, representing as they do the Bourgeoisie or shopocracy of Paris, can not be supposed to feel much predilection for a state of things that will utterly ruin their trade. In the absence of a Court, there will be but few of the nobility residing in the metropolis, for what man of high ancestry and refined habits would find pleasure in mingling on equal terms with the rude, upstart democrats who will henceforth constitute the government? Then, if there be neither a Court nor a resident aristocracy, what strangers of rank or fortune will resort to a place no longer distinguished for its social pleasures? Now, it is notorious that Paris depends almost entirely upon the sale of objects of luxury and taste, which are eagerly sought after by foreigners of all nations. Take away this source of emolument, and what will become of the hitherto gay and giddy capital of the civilized world? These are obvious questions, and the answer is more easy than satisfactory. Bankruptcy and ruin await the tradesman—the nobles and the wealthy will withdraw to more tranquil, more genial lands—and the populace, thrown out of employment by their own rash violence, will re-enact the scenes of spoliation and insult which subverted the original and healthy tendency of the first revolution. That there will be the same amount of bloodshed, I do not imagine, for a countervailing power has since sprung up in the Garde Nationale, who for their own sakes will be, ere long, compelled to turn against their late comrades in arms, and shoot them down without mercy. God grant that these fears may prove unfounded, and that we may now have arrived at a new and a better era in the history of civilization!

THE AISSAOUA.

(Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier.)

I MUST preface the following narrative by stating that the scene is laid at Bildah, in French Africa, where I happened to be located in the month of August 1845. One evening I was seated with my legs crossed, like a tailor or a Turk, between a Bedoween and a Kabyle, quietly sipping that excellent coffee one only meets with in the East, when my companions began to make some allusions to a festival that was to take place on the following day at a farm belonging to Ahmed-ben-Kaddour, Caïd of the Beni-Khelil. The programme was at that moment cried aloud by one of those itinerant news-mongers that always frequent the Coffee-houses, who informed us that there was to be an exhibition of the Aissaoua, a sect of convulsionnists, so to speak, of whom the most marvellous and incredible tales are related. My curiosity being naturally much excited, I prevailed upon a friend well acquainted with the manners and people of the country, to act as my guide and companion. To enter the Kaouck, or farm-yard, we had to traverse long lines of horses picketed to the ground, whose shrill neighings resembled the notes of the clarion. The dogs, accustomed to better treatment at the hands of the French settlers than of the natives of the soil, gambolled around us as we approached the house, barking a glad welcome. Made aware by these unusual sounds that strangers were at hand, some of the farm servants hastily came forth to meet us, and conducted us to the presence of the Caïd Ahmed-ben-Kaddour. A strange spectacle presented itself to our gaze. The tribe of the Beni Khelil were enjoying themselves, in Arab fashion, beneath the wide spreading foliage of sycamores, carob, and fig-trees. At the foot of each, groups of four or five persons were squatted on a carpet surrounded—O civilization, who wanted you here?—by a certain number of Bougies de l'Etoile, stuck into the earth like the candles of the poor wretches who make a livelihood at Paris by exhibiting owls, or howling out ballads in the evening on the Boulevards, or in the Champs Elysées.

A very singular effect was produced by this illumination on the surface of the ground, and the light falling upon the foliage from beneath gave the whole scene quite a theatrical appearance, in part due also to the costume of the actors which is irresistibly associated in the mind of an European with a Melodrama or the Opera. On beholding that multitude of luminous points, a native poet would have said that the stars had come down from the heavens to sip the dew on the grass, or that a Peri had there shaken off the golden leaflets from her veil. In simple unsentimental prose, the grocers of Algiers had disposed of a large quantity of bougies.

On a sign made by the Caïd, slaves placed before us, on the edge of the carpet, wooden bowls filled with couscoussou, a piece of mutton, some fowls, curds, and a few slices of water-melon. To this Homeric repast we did ample justice, and, after coffee had been handed round, we lit our pipes with much inward satisfaction.

Whilst we were slowly exhaling the smoke which mounted in bluish wreaths beneath the dense canopy of leaves, two musicians came and stationed themselves in front of us. The beauty of their forms, and the antique grace of the folds of their drapery, seemed rather to belong to the elegant designs of a Grecian sculptor, than to mere vulgar minstrels with flesh and blood. This bas-relief, however, favored us with a serenade. The instrument they

used was a kind of hautbois or flute, with a flat neck encircled by a wooden ring, on which rested the lips of the performers. Motionless as statues, and with their eyes fixed on the ground, they moved not a muscle, except those indispensable to the stopping the holes, while they played in a very high key an air not unlike some of Félicien David's imitations of Arab music. There was something altogether novel and delightful in the whole scene. The attitude of the musicians, the shape of their instruments, the nature of their melody, the audience grouped around in their biblical draperies, all carried back the imagination to the most remote ages, to associations of that primitive mode of life, long since passed away.

Apollo, when compelled to watch the flocks of Admetus, must have wiled away the tedious hours of his exile by playing just such another air on just such another pipe, and you may depend upon it that his tunic fell into exactly such folds.

Before attempting to describe the frightful ceremonies of the Aissaoua, it may be as well to say a few words by way of introduction to this extraordinary sect. Among the Musulman population of Africa there are a great many orders, or rather congregations, not unlike the religious fraternities of Europe, and the members also style themselves "Khaouan," or Brothers. Several of the sects are to be found in Algeria, although they evidently derive their origin from Morocco, and among these is the one founded by Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa.

The legend connected with this Aissa, who lived some three hundred years ago, is not a little curious. He was a poor man, an inhabitant of Mequinez in Morocco, and it not unfrequently happened that his wife and children were without a morsel of food. Endowed with a faith unassailable by trial or temptation, Aissa put his trust in God alone to rescue him from this miserable condition Accordingly it came to pass that one day having prolonged his devotions in the Mosque beyond his usual hour, he was returning sorrowfully homewards, thinking that his starving family would cry to him for the food he had not to give them, but on entering his hovel, he saw a leg of mutton roasting before the fire, and other preparations for a comfortable and substantial meal. In his boundless reliance on the goodness of God, Aissa deemed it useless to enquire whence came this unexpected abundance; but on the morrow he returned to the Mosque, and indulged in long and fervent prayer. In the evening he again found a splendid repast set out, and his house filled with the good things that a stranger had brought in his absence. Thus it went on day by day, without exciting the slightest surprise in the mind of Aissa, for he well knew that his bountiful purveyor was no other than a messenger from on high, and so great was the profusion of vegetables and grain, that he was able to feed all the poor of his city.

At another time his wife, whom he had sent to the well to fetch water for his ablutions, drew up her pitcher full of gold coin, and this every time she let it down.

The whole of this treasure was set out in an alcove screened off by a white curtain, and whenever the needy and the deserving applied for aid, he would give it out in handfuls without stopping to weigh it or count it over.

These visible signs of the divine favor induced Aissa, notwithstanding his humility, to become the founder of an order, the peculiar tenets of which should be an absolute faith in God, and a passive obedience to its Marabout. To put his disciples to the proof, and they amounted to one hundred, he purchased as many sheep at the period of the feast of Bairam, and enjoined his followers to assemble at his house on the morrow. At the appointed hour they did not fail to come together in front of his abode. As soon as they were all collected, he went out to them and said, "You are all

my children, you love me as a father, and are resolved in all things to do my will—is it not so?" The disciples unanimously answered in the affirmative. "Well then," he resumed, "it is my pleasure to cut the throat of every one of you. It is customary at this festival to sacrifice sheep, but I prefer taking you as my victims. Let him among you who truly loves me and has real faith in me; now enter my house that I may slay him."

This startling proposition caused a moment's silence and hesitation, until one of them stepped forward and said, "Take my life, if it can be useful to you or afford you any pleasure." He then walked into the house, when the Marabout gave him one of the sheep, and desired him to kill it in such a manner that the blood should flow into the street. After this, he again went out and repeated the same invitation as before. The sight of the blood running out from beneath the doorway was not, perhaps, very encouraging, and again the Khaouans faltered in the hour of trial. A second one, however, presently detached himself from the others, and entered the master's house. Again the blood poured forth, but the appalling spectacle could not deter thirty-eight of his disciples from blindly submitting themselves to their master's will. A fat sheep rewarded their ready obedience.

A rumour now spread through the city that Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa was murdering his followers, and the authorities of the place hastened to the spot. The door was forced open, and thirty-eight living "brothers" were found seated beside thirty-eight dead sheep.

It is a curious coincidence that the name Aissa corresponds with that of Jesus, and Aissaoui in the singular, or Aissaouan in the plural, may be literally rendered by the word Jesuit. It is besides not a little striking that the Marabout adopted, as the fundamental rule, the passive obedience, the *perinde ac cadaver* of Ignatius Loyola.

I shall not trouble my readers with the miracles ascribed to the Musulman Saint. The rain, the hatchet, the piece of silver, the woman changed into a negress, the tuft of white hair, and a hundred others of a similar character, are either borrowed from other sources, or too puerile to be further noticed. I must however mention one miracle that refers to the scene I have undertaken to describe. On one occasion Sidi-Aissa, attended by some of the "brothers," set out to visit a *douar* situated at some distance. During the journey his disciples perishing of hunger importuned their master to give them food. Annoyed by their clamorous appeals, the Marabout impatiently exclaimed, "Well then, eat poison." Accustomed to render a literal obedience to his commands, the Khaouans collected all the scorpions, toads, serpents, and other venomous reptiles they could find, and feasted upon them with as much relish as if they had been the most exquisite dainties. On arriving at their destination, they refused to partake of the repast that was set out for them, and declared that they had not the slightest appetite for any thing more. Touched with their exceeding great faith, Sidi-Aissa bestowed upon them, and, for their sakes, upon the whole order, impunity from the effects of poison, whether internal or external, and this peculiar privilege is said to prevail even at the present time. Muley Ismael, Sultan of Morocco, had taken offence at the popularity of this holy Marabout, and felt himself thrown into the shade by an influence derived from heaven. He accordingly filled an enormous bowl with the most abominable and filthy ingredients, compared with which the cauldron of Shakspeare's Witches was an olla-podrida greatly to be preferred. The sight and stench were too much for even the practised stomachs of the Khaouans, and they were about to retire in confusion, when an ancient female servant of Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa, reproaching them with their want of faith, walked deliberately up to the

hideous mess, and began to devour its contents with hearty good will. Encouraged by the gusto with which she set about her task, the others speedily joined her, and in a very few minutes snakes and rats, slugs and spiders, and other dainties of a like nature, had entirely disappeared. The Sultan gazed with mingled astonishment and terror, while the faithful Khaouans derived the most beneficial effects from their apparently repulsive repast. In commemoration of this miracle you may sometimes see in the squares and open places in Algiers, a female with dishevelled hair feigning to swallow serpents, regulating the contortions of her body by the rhythmical cadence of musical instruments. Not only do the Aissaouans possess the power of charming reptiles and venomous creatures, they also extend their power over the fiercest beasts of prey, and the lions of the desert tamely follow in their train.

The ceremony was about to commence. The groups broke up, and dispersed. Ahmed-ben-Khaddour arose and proceeded into the court of the *Kaouck*, a kind of Spanish cloister or series of open arcades. There he seated myself and my companions on a carpet of honour by his side. This court was lighted up in an odd manner with bougies and lamps placed on the ground beside the different groups. Above our heads the sky spread its dark blue canopy, indented round the edge by white spectre-like forms perched like birds upon the roof. One would have almost said they were a flock of ghosts, or goblins, spirits of evil or ghouls awaiting the celebration of some Thessalian mystery, or the opening of a Witches Sabbath. It is difficult to imagine any thing more awful or fantastic than these pale gloomy shadows, silent as night, suspended over our heads, in the death-like stillness of beings from the other world. These were the women of the tribe, seated on the terraces to enjoy at their ease the horrible spectacle that was about to take place.

The Aissaoua, to the number of thirty, were crouched on the ground around the Mokåddem, or officiating priest, who now began in a slow monotonous tone, to recite a prayer which the Khaouans accompanied in a low murmuring voice. From time to time a slight touch on the Tarbouka gave a cadence to the hoarse chant, which gradually swelled louder and louder, until it resembled the sound of a wave breaking on a distant shore, or a clap of thunder far away in the clouds. Suddenly a shrill, sustained, but tremulous cry, the screeching of a night owl or a dazzled ospray, the sob of a strangled babe, the laugh of a ghoul in a cemetery, rent the night air like the sharp rushing sound of a rocket. This note pitched in a supernatural key, this piercing cry, false as the sigh of a fierce hyena or the laughter of a crocodile, awakened in the distance the hoarse barking of the jackals, and froze the very marrow in one's bones. Methought a flight of Afrits or of Jinns was passing over us. This infernal scream was uttered by the women who kept it up a fearful time, striking their mouth the while with the palm of the hand, to give a vibration to the sound. It is impossible to imagine anything more discordant, harsh, and diabolical. Compared with this, the creaking of the wheels of the bullock carts on the mountains of Aragon, which makes the very wolves flee in terror, must be deemed the harmony of the nightingale.

This frightful applause seemed to excite the performers. They sang with a louder and more accented voice. The players on the Tarbouka struck their wild-asses' skin with redoubled vigor, and with ever-increasing activity. The audience marked the measure by an involuntary movement of the head. And those dreadful women assented to the interminable litany of the acts and miracles of Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa, by more and more frequent yellings. As the prayer increased in fervour, a nervous agitation pervaded the frames of the Khaouans. Their

heads moved up and down, and from side to side, foam gathered on their lips, their eyes became blood-shot, and their eye-balls rolled about until nothing but the white was visible. All this time they never paused for a moment from exclaiming Allah! Allah! Allah! with such a frantic energy, such ferocious devotion, and in a voice so hoarse, savage, and profoundly hollow, that it rather resembled the roaring of famished lions in a den, than the articulations of the human voice.

Presently the rhythm of the tambours became more and more pronounced. The Aissaoua were inspired with a mad frenzy. The movement of the head became general and doubled in intensity. So terrible were their oscillations, that the chin smote upon the breast like a battering ram, and from the waist upwards, the whole frame was convulsed as in St. Vitus' dance. At times some brother or other, exhausted by the exertion, would fall to the ground, gasping for breath, covered with sweat and foam, and almost insensible; but, roused by the implacable thunder of the Tarboukas, he would start up and regain his position by galvanic efforts, like a dead frog beneath the shock of a Voltaic battery. At this sight the excited spectres above waved their winding sheets in applause, and sent forth a yet more piercing yell. The resuscitated performer was again placed on his haunches, and re-commenced his efforts with redoubled zeal.

An Aissaoui, one of the most distinguished members of the sect, and apparently regarded by the others with a sort of respectful awe, threw himself into the most demoniacal contortions. His nostrils trembled, his lips turned blue, his eyes were starting from his head, the muscles on his skinny neck stood out like small cords, a nervous trepidation agitated his frame from head to foot, his arms moved about violently and at random, as if involuntarily and unconnected with one another. Two of his comrades placed him on his feet, and held him up under the arms, but he threw himself backwards and forwards with such violence, that he shook off his supporters and fell to the ground, drawing himself along like a wounded snake, and hoarsely murmuring the name of Allah in a note so guttural, so harsh, and yet so deep, that it was distinctly heard above the cries of the Khaouans, the shrieks of the women, and the howling of the convulsionists. If ever the Devil is compelled to confess God, he will do it in this fashion. My own eye grew giddy, and my reason became confused as I gazed upon the dizzy scene. The same sort of imitative sympathy that makes one open the jaws on beholding a person yawn, forced me to make involuntary jumps on my carpet. I began mechanically to move my head to and fro, and with difficulty could I restrain myself from howling in chorus. A horseman of a neighbouring tribe, seated not far from myself, was unable to master the impulse, and rolled in the dust with hysterical laughter and sobs. The tumult was at its height. The excitement bordered on paroxysm. The continued beating of the musical instruments, and the increasing oscillation of their own persons, had raised the Aissaouans to the degree of delirium necessary for the due celebration of their rites. Catalepsy, magnetic trance, congestion of the brain, the entire cohort of nervous complaints, rendered into sobs, contortions, and tetanus, convulsed those seemingly dislocated limbs, those faces destitute of all trace of the human aspect. The lamps encircled with halos of red dust reflected a ruddy glare over this wild and fantastic scene, the recollection of which still weighs upon me like a nightmare. All these growlings, crawlings, tumblings, howlings, yellings and twistings, formed a most hideous confusion. Presently the bearing of men was exchanged for that of brute beasts, and a disgusting odour arose from those bestial forms like that of a menagerie. We shuddered with horror in our retired corner, but

what we had as yet witnessed was only the prologue to the play.

Dragging themselves on their knees and elbows, they half raised themselves from the ground, and stretched their earth-besmeared hands to the Mokaddem. Turning towards him their pale, haggard, livid, leaden faces, streaming with perspiration, and lighted up with eyes that flashed a feverish fire, they demanded of him something to eat with the wailings of children. "If you are hungry, eat poison," replied the Mokaddem in imitation of the saint Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa.

What followed after the Mokaddem had made a sign to bring in the food is so altogether strange and incredible, that I entreat my readers to believe literally all that I am about to tell them. My narrative contains not the slightest exaggeration, for that would be impossible. Toads, scorpions, and snakes of different kinds were pulled out of small bags, and devoured alive with every demonstration of delight. Some passed their tongue over red hot shovels and pick-axes; others crunched burning coals; others again chewed the leaves of the Cactus, the thorns of which ran through their cheeks.

Each Khaouan, while feasting in this disgusting manner, uttered all sorts of sounds and cries. One roared like a lion, another hissed like a viper, a third produced only inarticulate notes, while others frantically invoked the visionary forms that were seen by the believers alone. The most ecstatic laid down on burning coals as if on a bed of roses, and an expression of indescribable and celestial happiness illumined their countenance, such as we see depicted in paintings of the early Christian martyrs drawn by the hand of the great masters. One of these fanatics, hardly twenty years of age, came up to where we were sitting, and with an air of the greatest complacency applied a flaming torch to his armpits, slowly drawing it down to the wrist. A strong smell of burnt flesh reached our nostrils, while he smiled in soft amorous langour, and gently murmured the name of Allah. Another half-naked, lean, spare-built, and of a tawny hue, struck himself so violently on the chest that at every blow the blood spurted forth. By his side, one of his companions jumped with naked feet on the upturned edges of Yataghans.

The Tarboukas thundered without cessation. The cries of the women became each instant more piercing, more harsh, more quavering. Not a single brother remained upright. All were rolling, as if seized with epilepsy, and winding themselves into serpentine knots. I allowed my aching eyes to float, as it were, over this hideous confusion of heads and limbs, crawling and creeping in the dust, when a movement at one of the entrances announced a new episode in this savage drama. Two Arabs entered the Court, dragging a sheep by the horns, that stoutly resisted, and set its forefeet on the ground with desperate but vain resolution.

The poor animal seemed almost to have a presentiment of its fate. Its large blue eye dilated with terror, and cast a glassy look around, but without distinguishing anything. A blood-colored mucus dropped from its nostrils, and its whole frame trembled like a leaf, and already it seemed half dead with fright.

At the sight of the sheep, a deafening clamour, a frantic shout, issued from all these breasts in which one would have thought that scarcely a breath could be remaining. The Aissaoua precipitated themselves on the poor animal, threw it over on its back, and, while some held fast its legs, notwithstanding its maddened efforts to get free, others tore open the belly with their teeth, and gnawed the entrails mingled with tufts of wool. Others again, like birds of prey, pulled out the bowels and swallowed them by the yard, while their comrades seized upon the heart, the liver, and the lungs. In an incredibly short space of time nothing remained of the sheep but shapeless and bleeding fragments, for

which the wretches disputed among themselves with a ferocity surpassing that of wolves and hyænas. The strange horror of the scene was augmented by the shaven crowns of the Khaouans, naturally of a dark bluish hue from the action of the razor, and now streaked with blood, as they thrust their heads into the reeking carcase. They were like huge birds of prey, half human, half vulture, gorging themselves on some dead animal abandoned in the desert.

At last, intoxicated with their filthy repast, and utterly exhausted by their horrid orgies, the Aissaouans fell heavily to the ground, one by one, and dropped into a death-like stupor. For my own part, my head was in a perfect whirl, and it was with a sensation of infinite delight that I once more found myself on the road to Blidah, when the fresh air of the morning soon dissipated these terrible visions of the night—visions, however, of frightful realities.

HELENA VALLISNERIA.

(Translated from the Novellen van Julius Mosen.)

A LITTLE way from the town—said the old huntsman—you may see even now the ruins of a hut, in which many long years ago dwelt a potter with his son, an acute, daring lad, who did little else than play the guitar all day. No sooner had the old man been gathered to his fathers, than the boy packed up in a wallet all he possessed, and, turning his back upon the hovel, set out to wander through the world.

Wilhelm the Potter, as he was called in his native place, was soon as much forgotten as is the summer butterfly in the midst of winter; when all at once he again appeared among us with horses and carriages, and a fine lady in his company. He bought that large red-brick house in the market place, and there fared sumptuously every day, like Dives in the parable. Wilhelm's great riches excited no small astonishment among the town's folk, particularly among the women, but what made them wonder still more was the beautiful, dark lady, with her strange, foreign customs. In the centre of his yard Wilhelm erected a building so grand, that nothing in the world could be compared to it for beauty. The roof was painted blue, and ornamented with gilt balls and spires that made a brave show as they flashed back the rays of the sun. In the interior was a single chamber without any windows, but only a circular opening in the roof through which the angels of heaven might look down and admire the glorious sight. The walls of this chamber were painted by an artist from Dresden with all sorts of flowers and grotesque figures that looked wonderfully gay. There were besides many different kinds of gilt ornaments, and a curious door with gilt iron bars. But with so much secresy was all this done that we never could worm any thing even out of the workmen, and we could only guess at what was going on from the hints of some of his neighbours, who were able to catch a glimpse here and there of his garden, from the roofs of their houses.

It then began to be bruited abroad, and, of course, believed, that the King was going to pass the winter in our town in a quiet retired manner, away from all trouble and turmoil, and enjoy a bottle of our best brewing with Wilhelm, who was now looked upon as a very great personage. But instead of the King com-

ing to live in this beautiful building, what, think you, really took place? One day the rich man started off somewhere into the country, and when he returned after a few weeks' absence, he brought with him a large pure-white cow. It was really a splendid animal, I have heard, and we were told that the dark lady went almost mad for joy on seeing it, and actually threw her arms round its neck, hugging and kissing it. This was the King for whom the fine building had been erected, and now no body could talk of any thing but the folly of making such costly stables for cows.

Among Wilhelm's foreign servants was a young English girl, who spoke German pretty well, and with whom, of course, the inn-keeper's son fell desperately in love. It was by this means we learned that the dark lady used to wash and feed her cow every day with her own hands, and adorn its gilded horns with wreaths of flowers. We then easily understood how it was that Wilhelm had grown so suddenly rich, and no one doubted but that the cow was a fairy who gave him all his wealth. On the Sunday after this grand discovery, the parson stood up in the pulpit, his face scarlet with passion, and preached a sermon that made the very wig dance upon his head. His words, as generally happened, could be better understood outside of the town than within the church itself. However, he drew such a faithful picture of Wilhelm and his wife that it was impossible not to recognise them. We were ready to tear them to pieces. At that time I was the organ blower, and, therefore, placed with the musicians in the choir. The parson went on to warn us against the imp of Satan that had lately crept into our town by means of a stray sheep from the fold. He denounced war and pestilence if the Evil Spirit should any longer be worshipped in this place under the form of a white cow. It was just the same, said he, as the golden calf which the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness with idolatrous ceremonies and sacrifices, only that it had now become a silver cow!

After the service, old and young gathered together before Wilhelm's house. Volleys of stones were hurled against the windows, and such screaming and hooting! "Come out," we cried, "come out, thou devil's comrade, thou and thy black witch and infernal cow!"

Weeping and moaning were heard within the house, and all at once the door opened and Wilhelm stepped out. His hands were stuck into his pockets and he looked as cheerful and happy as if he had just come home from church. We all became silent in a moment, and stood half abashed before him. Suddenly an expression of sadness swept over his countenance and thus he addressed us:—

"Is this the way, my friends, you greet your old school-fellow and playmate? Is this the way you treat me because I have returned among you with my wife? Why are you so angry with me? Have I ever turned any one of you away from my door? Have I ever harmed any one in word or deed? If so, let him stand forth, and I will make him amends. My own school-fellows, and you, friends and companions of my father, speak. If I owe you any thing, tell me—and I will instantly repay you. Do I not see you in your Sunday clothes and with prayer books under your arm? Do you not come direct from that sacred building in which peace and brotherly love are preached to all men?"

On hearing these words we became as silent as mice, and our feelings towards him began to change. But when at that moment the beautiful dark lady came out wringing her hands and crying bitterly, the women at once took her part, and upbraided their husbands for their cruelty. Wilhelm's old companions then stepped up to him, and shook hands with him in token of reconciliation. They also told him how it had all happened, and why the people were so much offended with him, and begged him to explain

to them why he kept a fairy cow. Upon this Wilhelm replied :—"My dear friends and neighbours, come around me and hear me. I have been wrong to keep my life and actions a secret from you. They have therefore been misconstrued by some evil-minded persons. But henceforth there shall be no mystery between us. Now listen to my story.

Most of you remember me when a boy, and know how I departed from among you at my father's death, as poor as a Church mouse, and travelled into foreign lands. First of all I went to Hamburg. I arrived there without a farthing in my pocket, shivering with cold, and famished with hunger, and yet merry and free from care. While I was thus wandering through the streets, I was met by a well-dressed and nice looking gentleman, who professed the greatest friendship for me, and, taking me to an inn, asked me what I would like to take. We swore mutual fidelity to one another, and then wept together like two children. And yet I could not at all understand why the hostess, every time she came into the room, made me signs to beware of my kind friend. However I took no further notice of them, for my appetite was too good to be disturbed, and, as one glass of punch followed another, the last one always seemed the best. When night arrived and I was preparing to set out in search of a lodging, my companion would not allow it, but pressed me to sit down for one little hour more and then walk with him to his own house. So far from refusing, I was only too glad to accept his proposal. So we sat there drinking and pledging one another till I became frightfully intoxicated. At midnight, we rose up and left the hotel to go to my friend's lodgings, after he had paid the bill. Bad as I was, I still remember how we wandered up one street and down another, and how strange all those ups and downs, ins and outs appeared to me. At length, just as we were turning the corner of a dirty lane, a plaster was suddenly clapped upon my mouth, and three fellows, strong as oxen, seized upon me and threw me on the ground, when they handcuffed and bound me fast —my dear friend kindly assisting them to drag me into a boat. They then rowed down the Elb as fast as they could pull, while I was unable to turn myself one way or the other, for my hands and feet were tied so tightly that my blood seemed to be frozen. At length the morning dawned, and the sun rose as beautiful and grand as if only angels dwelt upon earth. Soon afterwards we came alongside a large ship, into which I was hoisted like a bale of cotton and stowed away in the hold. Here I found thirty others as unfortunate as myself, who told me that we had fallen into the power of a dealer in human creatures. I flung myself down in a corner upon some straw, and bitterly bewailed my fate, although I felt some relief in regaining the use of my mouth and limbs.

As soon as we were fairly out at sea, we used to be brought upon deck by sixes for an hour at a time. When it came to my turn, I recognised my Hamburg friend, who informed me that he was a Corporal of Marines, and that I had now the honour of being a soldier in the brave army of England. In addition to this, I learned that we were bound for the East Indies, where I should have an opportunity of covering myself with glory and dust in fighting against the Mahrattas. As my friend now gave me a bottle of rum and a silver dollar, I gradually became reconciled both to himself and to my fate. After some months we arrived at our destination, where I joined with my regiment, and marched all dressed in scarlet like an Englishman, to conquer the Mahrattas. Shortly afterwards we fought a terrible battle, and you may well believe that I raged furiously like a true-born German who knew how to obey his officers. This however did not last long, for after a time I found myself lying on a soft mattrass in a lofty room from which the light was carefully excluded. Indeed there were no win-

dows at all, and it was only through the open door that the light was able to enter, and the only thing I could distinguish in the chamber was a dirty, triple-headed idol, which kept continually staring at me from the opposite corner. On raising my hand up to my head, I felt as if I had been stunned, and now for the first time I discovered that some valiant Mahratta must have given me as a token of remembrance a sabre cut right across the scalp.

After waiting some time an old man, with a long venerable beard, came up to my bedside, and bowed himself well nigh down to the ground. I was of course much gratified by his friendly looks and signs, but it was not until a later period that I became sufficiently acquainted with the language of the country to understand what he said. He proved to be an Indian priest, and had acted towards me like the good Samaritan. The day after the battle he had found me among the dead, with life not quite extinct, and had carried me to his own dwelling. This charitable Heathen had treated me as if he had been a Christian, and by means of aromatic leaves had healed my wounds. He now gave me abundance of nutritious food, and, as soon as I was perfectly recovered, he dismissed me with his blessing.

I now stood alone in the wide world beneath the open heaven and scorching sun of India, without a single creature near me who cared for my life or death, or would relieve my distress. With such gloomy thoughts for my companions, I was proceeding on my lonely path when I suddenly came upon a company of jugglers. I stopped and saluted them, and they, in their turn, began to pull me about, and play all sorts of tricks with me. However, among their musical instruments I saw a guitar, which I can play with tolerable skill. Taking it up in my hand, I began to strike some lively chords as if I had been at home in the valley of the Elster, enjoying the Whitsun holidays. At any rate, I succeeded in delighting these people, and was induced to accompany them in their wanderings. Whilst they performed their tricks of legerdemain, I used to play the guitar. It happened that as we were at one time staying at Poonah, the capital of the Mahrattas, I strolled past the royal gardens with my instrument slung across my shoulder. It was evening, and the silvery stars shone out brilliantly. The warmth was delicious. The trees waved their branches to and fro, fanning the air, and filling it with a thousand flowery perfumes. I hardly knew where I was, and sitting down upon a stone, I indulged in waking dreams. Far off I heard a sweet soft voice singing, which seemed to penetrate my heart and soul. Being in the habit of accompanying singers, I involuntarily ran my fingers along the chords. At length the voice was hushed, and I rose to retire, when the tempter whispered unto me: Wilhelm, the garden door is not so very high, but that you could clamber over it. It was soon done, and when I looked into the garden I fancied I must be in Paradise. Gay-coloured lamps were suspended at every corner and turning, and reflected a soft light upon the winding paths cut through beds of countless flowers. Here and there pillars and statues might be seen through the dim glimmering of the lamps or in the bright moonshine. Lillies and roses were gently moving in the balmy air as if they were sending sweet messages to each other. The effect was so enervating that I thought I should have swooned. But when, at the further end of a long walk, I observed a small building like a tower, seemingly made of porcelain and gold, I could no longer resist, but crept up to it as silently as possible, keeping myself carefully in the shade of the trees and shrubs. I might easily have got close up to it had it not been for two large lamps that were burning in front of the door. I was at my wit's end, and sore troubled what to do. Presently the same female voice issued from

that beautiful building. It was so soft, so sad, so sweet, that I was quite overpowered. The two lamps were hanging within my reach. Before my heart had beaten thrice, they were extinguished, but the singing went on without interruption. I was about to peep in through the key-hole, when the door suddenly opened and two females walked out. They stood for an instant talking to one another, or they must have heard my heart beat. In a few minutes, however, they were lost to sight, and at the same moment that wondrous harmony was renewed.

The door had been left a-jar. I crept softly up to it and looked in. The apartment was more beautiful than I can describe. Upon a crimson velvet sofa a young female was reclining. Her eyes were like two stars and pierced my very soul. A tear stole down my cheek and involuntary sobs burst from me as I laid my burning face upon the door-step. But I cannot tell you how it all happened, though never shall I forget that hour when a poor wandering stranger won the heart of Madhawi, the sister of the powerful sovereign of the Mahrattas. From that time, however, I went every evening into the pavilion in the garden by the assistance of her nurse whom we contrived to gain over to our interests.

Being fully convinced in our own minds that we never could enjoy life separated from one another, we determined to effect our escape. I ought before to have told you that I had parted from my kind friends the jugglers when they left Poonah, and afterwards engaged lodgings for myself in the suburbs.

One dark moonless night I took my station, as agreed upon, at a private gate of the garden, with two splendid steeds bought with money given to me for that purpose. I hardly made the appointed signal when Madhawi came out, carrying her jewels and valuable property in several small boxes. These I packed away in the saddle bags with which I loaded one of the horses, while springing on the other I took up my beauteous bride behind me, and, like a wounded hart, bounded away in rapid flight. During the day time we concealed ourselves in the woods, but all night long we sped on until we reached a French factory. Here we were kindly and hospitably received, and conducted in safety to the sea-coast, whence we took ship for Europe and landed at Marseilles without harm or accident. In that city Madhawi was baptised by the name of Helena Indiana, and then became my very dear wife.

Impelled by love of home and fatherland, I returned once more amongst you, my friends; but my poor wife suffered bitterly from our cold foggy climate. Often times too she would talk to me about a white cow she had petted and brought up in her own country. Who would not do something to please a wife who had sacrificed wealth, climate, and regal splendour, every thing, for love? I therefore erected a building in my garden exactly like the one in which her Indian cow had lived, and I myself went away in search of a similar animal. Friedhold accompanied me, and can vouch for the truth of my words."

The citizens, on hearing this, would have sorely ill-treated old Friedhold for not mentioning this before, had not Wilhelm interposed and pacified their resentment.

From this time no man was held in such high estimation as Wilhelm. Year after year he was sure to be elected King of the Archery feasts, because he never failed on such occasions to bestow on his towns-folk three hogsheads of Bamberg beer. If any one was in distress, or complained of oppression, he was sure to meet with sympathy and redress at the hands of Wilhelm. But at length the foreign bank in which he had invested nearly all his money became bankrupt, and soon afterwards his house was burnt down, so that he had nothing left him of all his wealth but his wife and the potter's yard inherited from his father. His reputation and influence depart-

ed together with his fortune, and every house and purse were closed against him.

However he bore up bravely under his misfortunes: He began to turn his wheel as in the olden time, and his wife carried the plates and dishes to market. Thus they lived in a respectable and becoming manner, like good honest working people. But the poor young woman gradually sank into melancholy, and died shortly afterwards in her first child-birth. The day after she was committed to the earth, the potter's hut was deserted, and no one to this day knows what became of Wilhelm. A few pitied him and sympathised with his sorrows, but all those who had received favors from him declared that he richly deserved his fate. This—concluded the old huntsman—is all that I remember about Wilhelm and his dark Helena, and her beautiful white cow.

"She was a Vallisneria," said the doctor. "That marvellous plant blooms deep beneath the wave until moved by the Almighty's influence of love, when it loosens itself from its stalk and rises to the surface of the water into the new world of air, to float across to the crimsonhued flower of its beloved in order to cherish it, and then wither and sink for ever.

VERSES.

(From the French of Mellin de St. Gellais.)

THE ASSOCIATION.

Upon a certain fête day fair
Our Pastor did an Agnus chaunt
In sonorous voice both loud and clear,
While Annette from the distant aisle
Wept as she listened to his lay;
To whom our friend, with kindly smile,
Thus said :—"Why weep'st thou, Maiden? Say."
"Ah, Messire Jean!" the maiden cried,
"I weep my donkey lately dead,
"And ah! your voice"—and here she sigh'd—
"Did *so* remind me of poor Ned."

THE VACUUM.

In the market place once a knave did say,
He'd the Devil to all the word display,
And well I ween, there was never a wight
But rushed to the market to see the sight!
A purse that was wide, and deep withal,
He then held up in the Market Hall;
"Open your eyes! Is there nothing within?"
"Nothing," cried one, "neither Devil nor tin."
"Hold!" quoth the knave, "'tis the Devil, I swear
"To open one's purse and find nothing is there.

LOSS, A GAIN.

They say that thou hast lost thy precious heart
To thy sweet self! To thee most justly dear,
'Tis well, since thou alone wilt feel the smart,
And jealousy will never interfere.

THE UNKNOWN VOCALIST.

(A Romance from the French.)

CHAPTER I.

The anniversary of the Marquise de Laujon's birthday was celebrated with great festivity. The saloons of her house in the Place-Beau-veau, were crowded with friends all eager to give utterance to their congratulations and good wishes. Her husband, the Marquis, a distinguished musical amateur himself, at the request of his dear Marie, had arranged a concert for the occasion, at which the first singers of the Italian Opera and the Theatre Feydeau were to assist. I was present at this fête which took place on the 14th of August 1808. It was ten at night, and the assembled company were eagerly waiting for the arrival of the beautiful and divine Barelli, the prima donna of the Empress's Theatre. At length, she made her appearance; her delicious tones charmed the friends of the Marquise, and her triumph was so complete in the "*Ombra adorata*" of Zingarelli's "*Romeo*," that by a spontaneous movement of admiration, every lady present detached a flower from her banquet to form a wreath with which the Marquise de Laujon herself crowned the brows of the melodious Italian.

One lady alone, young and beautiful, did not share in the general enthusiasm. She sat seemingly in a deep reverie, regardless of all that was going on around her. To her downcast eye, the thousand wax-lights, whose rays scintillated in prismatic colors on the crystal drops of the lustres, were without brilliancy. The swell of harmony, which floated through the room, causing the mind to feel a species of delirium and the heart to throb again, reached not her ear. One of her hands, clutched, convulsively, a little lock, suspended round her neck by a chain of light colored hair. In the midst of the brilliant throng, she alone wore half-mourning. Surrounded by gaily dressed, blooming and smiling women, she appeared to me to suggest the simile of a cypress, desolate amongst the roses. The sorrowful attitude, the abstracted air of this unknown one, inspired me with a degree of undefinable interest.

Anxious to find out who she was, I approached the Duchess de Lainey, and begged her to tell me the name of the pensive beauty.

"She is," answered the Duchess, "a young lady from Provence, who lost her husband a month after their marriage: it is now six years ago."

"Six years," cried I, "and she still wears mourning? That is an example of conjugal piety rather rare in these times; what you tell me absolutely excites my curiosity about her to a degree; by what dreadful misfortune did she happen to lose her husband so soon after marriage?"

"He died the victim of a horrible outrage."

"Oh!" Duchess, cried I, "pray tell me all the particulars, it must be a very interesting story."

"It is much more mournful, than curious, my friend," said Madame de Lainey "and to talk of death, on a birthday in the midst of a gay assembly? If we were to be overheard, what would be said of us?

"They are going down to the garden to enjoy the fresh air, permit me to offer you my arm, and there, in that avenue of lindens we can converse without being remarked."

"But yet,"————

"Do not refuse me, I beg."

"You feel greatly interested in the young widow, then, you fickle being. What would your Madem-

oiselle de Lussan, your *prétendue* say, if she heard you entreating me, so earnestly to satisfy your curiosity?"

"She would join with me, in begging of you to relate all you know, for she too has a lively sympathy for all those who suffer."

"As that is the case," answered the Duchess, "I can refuse you no longer; come along then, you inquisitive man, give me your arm, but take care we are not observed, the Duke is so jealous!"

"No doubt, and who would not be so, in his place? remembering of what beauty he is the fortunate possessor."

CHAPTER II.

Having descended into the garden, we sat down near a Laiterie Suisse, where, concealed from intrusive eyes, by a screen of honeysuckle bushes, Madame de Lainey commenced the following relation.

"The young widow, the object of your almost feminine curiosity comes from Arlès. Her family, one of the richest in Provence, united her in 1802 to a Monsr. de Vermont, a young man of rare merit, and uniting to the advantages of fortune all the graces of mind a distinguished education can bestow. Brought up in Paris, M. de Vermont could not resolve to bury himself at his age, twenty-five, in the feudal manor of his future father-in-law, and only consented to celebrate his marriage there, on the condition that a fortnight after the nuptial ceremony, he should be at liberty to carry off his wife to an estate he possessed, ten miles from the Capital. His wife's father agreed to all his wishes, such was the esteem he had for the man, to whom he was about to confide the future happiness of his only child. Emma (that is the name of her you feel so interested about) found in the husband, selected by her parents, a disposition so noble, generous and tender, that she quitted her house to accompany him, without a sigh of regret. They left at the time fixed upon, and arrived at Vermont's estate towards the end of July. Emma's husband, after presenting his young and lovely bride to all the residents in the neighbourhood, gave a fête champêtre at his Chateau. Madame de Vermont's beauty, and her amiability of manner gained at once the hearts of her new friends. At the very commencement of the fête, she made each guest believe that they had been acquainted with one another for a long time. Gifted with the power of being graceful and gracious everywhere and to every one, which a young and lovely woman alone can possess, she distributed her attentions with so much tact, that all present were charmed with her.

"The fête was kept up with much merriment and briskness for a day or two, then the mere acquaintances gradually dropped off, and only a few of Mons. de Vermont's friends remained. The season for field sports had commenced. Emma's husband was passionately fond of the chase. He arranged a party for a stag hunt on the following morning, which was exactly the thirtieth day after his marriage."

"Oh! yes, I remember it, as if it were yesterday, it was the 14th of August.

"Madame de Vermont's sorrowful air this evening, is now accounted for," said I—"I tremble to guess the sequel of your story."

"Although placing no faith in dreams," continued Madame de Lainey, "Emma, haunted by what seemed a vision the night before the hunting party, endeavored strongly to persuade her husband not to go out on that day.

"'Stay at home, dearest Edmond,' she said to him, 'do not leave me alone, I am afraid to remain all alone in this immense château .... Pray, do not go, the sky is so overcast, a storm is brewing I am

sure; hark! to the wind whistling along the corridors. Again and again I beg of you, to stay at home.'

"De Vermont laughed at her presentiments and childish fears, and embracing her tenderly, he sallied forth accompanied by his friends.

"She followed with her eyes as long as he was in sight, and then bursting into tears, returned to her apartment.

"The chase was a glorious one, the stag brought to bay soon succumbed, and the notes of the huntsman's horn, announced the triumph of the young and active sportsmen.

"A drizzling mist was falling, when they commenced their return homewards.

"De Vermont, prevented by a slight sprain in his foot, from keeping step with his companions, who were hurrying on to escape the coming rain, took advantage of this circumstance to stop a little behind, and gather some wild flowers to take to his darling Emma. He sat down at the edge of the wood to arrange his little nosegay of primroses and daisies. His friends were already more than a hundred paces in advance of him, when, suddenly they heard the report of fire-arms, followed by terrific cries, such as a man would utter struggling for life. Greatly alarmed, and missing De Vermont, the other sportsmen rushed towards the the spot from whence the sounds proceeded.

"A dreadful spectacle awaited them .... De Vermont, the unfortunate De Vermont, was lying extended on the ground writhing in terrible agony,—the pangs of death........ His head shattered and his body bleeding and mangled .... His gun lay near him, but it had not been discharged! No doubt, the unfortunate young man was the victim of some cowardly murderer, who had lain in ambush for him!

"His friends lifted him up, and tended him with the utmost care, but in vain, the wounds were mortal, and the name of Emma was the only word which escaped his lips before be expired.

"It is impossible to relate to you the grief and terror of poor Madame de Vermont when she saw her husband's friends returning, pale and trembling without him.

"'Edmond! Where is Edmond?' cried she in a tone of anguish, which wrung their very hearts. Tears, not to be repressed, were the sole answer.

'Edmond is dead!' she exclaimed. 'My God! My God! thou hadst forewarned me of this!' and she fell to the ground, deprived of consciousness. Diligent search was made on the spot where the outrage had been committed; but no traces of the culprit could be found. Emma purchased that part of the wood where her Edmond had breathed his last, and caused a monument to be erected there. She could not be induced to leave the Chateau, the Chapel of which contained his remains, and made a vow to wear mourning, till the day should come, on which she could revenge his death.

"Unfortunate and noble woman," said I to the Duchess, "but to what cause can one attribute this almost supernatural occurrence? Mons. de Vermont was rich, supremely happy in the society of the wife he loved, and of the friends who were attached to him. Oh! no, the demon of suicide could not have armed his hands against himself. His gun was found still loaded I think you told me?"

"It is a mystery, which time, perhaps, will solve, some day or other," rejoined Madame de Lainey.

"Emma found a species of pleasure in passing hours by the monument she had erected to her late husband in the wood. One day, whilst undesignedly loosening the moss which covered the trunk of an old oak, about ten paces distant from the mausoleum, she found——"

Just as the Duchess had got so far in her narrative, the Marquis de Laujon approached and scolded us, for our long absence from the saloon.

Madame de Lainey pleaded a severe headache, which had obliged her to seek the open air.

She leant on my arm, and we followed the Marquis into the concert room.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS greatly annoyed at this interruption, and would gladly have renounced the remainder of the entertainment, to have had my wish, to know the end of this strange story, gratified

But Madame de Lainey went and seated herself next to the pretty widow, and it was impossible for me to learn any thing further.

Upon the departure of the professional singers, some amateur music was performed. Several young ladies of the company sang some piquant pieces out of the newest comic operas. Then a gentleman, whose name no one could tell me, but who seemed to be thought some celebrated foreign artist, seated himself at the piano and played something of his own composition. Mons. de Laujon asked him to be kind enough to sing a song, which he had sung once before at a party given by the Chancellor of the Empire. After a spirited prelude, he sang as requested. We all applauded the flexibility of his voice, which was rich and full, and when he ended, complimented him on the talent he possessed of setting his own verses to music of his own composition.

The tones of the singer had engrossed the attention of all present with the exception of Madame de Vermont, whom I perceived apparently suffering from the gaiety which reigned around her, and wishing to make her escape from it. Madame de Lainey begged of her to stay a little longer, and the Marquise having discovered that the lively air which had just been sung was disagreeable to Emma, she requested the artist who was still at the piano, to favor the company with something in a more serious style.

The stranger bowed his assent to the lady's request, and commenced an expressive and solemn ritornelle. Scarcely had he sung the first four couplets of his new Ballad, when Mde. de Vermont shook off her previous languor. She started up from the couch where she had been reclining the whole evening, and paid most remarkable attention to the song. The applause which followed it was even greater than at the conclusion of the first? Madame de Vermont added her encomium to those of the other ladies, and even said to the singer, with a peculiar grace: "Can you tell me, Monsieur, where you got this romance, which you have just sung with so much taste?"

"Madame," said the stranger, "it has not been published yet, although I composed it a very long time ago."

"It is your own composition then," rejoined Madame de Vermont, her eye glistening.

"Yes, Madame, if you will permit me——"

"You anticipate my wishes, Monsieur, I was about to beg the favor of your giving me a copy of the words. I admire them exceedingly."

"Really, Madame, the honor is too great for me; and if you will permit me, I will myself bring you the copy you wish for to-morrow morning."

"No, not to-morrow, Monsieur, I beg of you, for I start at day-break for the country."

"But, madame——"

This very evening I wish to have a copy of your delightful verses, would you refuse this small favor to a lady who is entreating you for it!"

"Certainly not, Madame; but I am really quite confused at your complimentary earnestness; which does me so much honor. I am quite ready to write not only the words but the music also, if you wish it."

The Marquis de Laujon led the stranger into his library; Emma followed them. The artist returned alone: Madame de Vermont had taken the opportunity to make her escape from the company, which had evidently been irksome to her from the first.

A quadrille was formed; I stood *vis à vis* to Mde. de Lainey, hoping to extract in the course of the dance the end of the beautiful Arlèsienne's story.

The orchestra had just struck up the tune for the second figure in the quadrille, when the valet of the Marquis entered and pronounced these formidable words: "Monsieur le Procureur Imperial." A thunderbolt crashing over our heads would have terrified us less .... The music stopped instantaneously, the gentlemen dropped the hands of their partners.....·......the faces of all present grew pale.

The valet threw open the folding doors of the saloon, and the Imperial Procureur, followed by four gens d'armes entered the apartment. After whispering a few words to the Marquis the dreaded functionary went up to the stranger artist, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said, "In the name of the law, I arrest you!" The unknown, who alone had blushed amongst the pallid guests during the foregoing scene, stammered out some protestations, declaring that there must be some mistake, that he knew not what they wanted with him, in short, that he was well known as a gentleman and a man of honor. The Procureur Imperial having established the identity of the stranger, with the description in the warrant which he held in his hand, ordered the gens d'armes to seize his person, and retired, making many apologies to the company for having been obliged to interrupt their amusements, in order to fulfil so painful a duty.

This incident withered all the gay flowers of the fête, and the party broke up, every one quitting the house their minds filled with a vague fear and astonishment at so inexplicable an occurrence.

CHAPTER IV.

Six months after this event had taken place, a man was conducted towards the Place de Grève in the condemned cart.

This man was a highway robber, and it was the first copy full of erasures of a ballad written by him, he had used as wadding to his gun which brought him to the scaffold!

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HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

"THE time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood When it comes into contact with the Oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed

from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive* ; *but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism ? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs !" Do you *wish* to

know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkha or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"you have broken a physicial law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

DISEASES IN GENERAL.

The same may be said of the other, and almost numberless diseases rising from this fertile, this sole cause of all diseases—the impurities of the blood—and none who have used these invaluable Medicines—"have been disappointed." The grateful aspirations of thousands in every part of the world furnish abundant demonstration that never was a Medicine employed, at once so safe and so salutary, so powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless that an infant may take it with safety. Wherever these Pills and Ointment have been known they have been regarded as a blessing and are held in the highest estimation as an invaluable Medicine, and every resident in India ought to have a box of the Pills and a Pot of the Ointment in his Bungalow, both for himself, his family, his servants, and his friends.

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,, ,, Wafer on flap Envelopes, do.	1	2
,, ,, Orange Blossom do.	0	10
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German Silver Ties Nos. 1, 2, 3, per doz.,	0	0
Silver Ties, with Orange Blossoms, per doz.,	1	0
Encased, 8vo. Note Paper, per quire,	3	4
Thin Ivory Cards, for Ladies, per pack,	1	0
,, ,, ,, for Gentlemen. do.	1	8
Silver Torsade Enamel Cards, for Ladies,	1	8
,, ,, ,, for Gentlemen,	1	4

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Post 4to. French Mor. Albums. Emb. and Fancy Pages,	8	0
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Royal 4to , ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,	12	0
Royal 4to. 12 sheet Music Book,	1	8
Imperial 4to. Solid Sketch Book,	8	0
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Royal, 24 by 19¼,	do.	0	8
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Cream Laid Envelopes, to match, per box of 100,	0	12

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Rhoad's Blue Wove 4to post,	6	0
Overland Quarter tola 4to. post,	7	0
French Foolscap,	4	0
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Black Bordered Letter Paper, per ream, 8 to	10	0
Albert size Cream Laid Mourning Note Paper, per 5 quire packet,	1	8
Queen's size ditto, ditto,	1	4
Black Bordered Envelopes, per 100,	2	[illegible]
Mourning Requisites, per packet,	1	8
Cream Laid 4to. post, per ream,	8	0
Envelopes of sizes, per 100,	1	0
Rich Lace Bordered Note Paper, per quire,	3	0
100 Fancy Envelopes, Lace Boardered, per box,	3	0
5 quires Indian Correspondence Note Paper, and equal quantity of adhesive Initial Envelopes to match, ¼ tola, per packet,	3	0
Self-adjusting or adhesive Seal Initial Envelopes, per packet of 6 doz.,	1	0
Blotting Paper. (per quire 12 As.) per ream,	12	0
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Blue Ink, per small stone bottle,	0	6
Red Ink, do. do.,	0	6
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Black Lead Pencil 8 as. per dozen and,	1	0
Junction Inkstand, with red and black Ink, each,	1	0

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